







Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2016

ms 8

LE
H172at
1844

[Haliburton, Thomas Chandler]

THE ATTACHÉ;

OR,

SAM SLICK IN ENGLAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

“THE CLOCKMAKER; OR, SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF SAM SLICK,”
&c. &c. &c.

Duplex libelli dos est; quod risum movet,
Et quod prudenti vitam consilio monet.

SECOND AND LAST SERIES.

First edition

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

345988
26 . 1. 38.

LONDON:

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1844.

LONDON:
Printed by S. & J. BENTLEY, WILSON, and FLEY,
Bangor House, Shoe Lane.

CONTENTS

OF

THE FIRST VOLUME.

CHAPTER I.

	PAGE
THE OLD AND NEW WORLD . . .	1

CHAPTER II.

BOARDING-SCHOOLS . . .	23
------------------------	----

CHAPTER III.

THE REVOLUTIONARY HERO . . .	44
------------------------------	----

CHAPTER IV.

THE EYE	58
-------------------	----

CHAPTER V.

THE QUEEN	78
---------------------	----

CHAPTER VI.

SMALL TALK	93
----------------------	----

CHAPTER VII.

WHITE BAIT	108
----------------------	-----

CHAPTER VIII.		PAGE
THE CURLING WAVE . . .		115
CHAPTER. IX.		
NATIONAL CHARACTER . . .		128
CHAPTER X.		
THE PULPIT AND THE PRESS . . .		145
CHAPTER XI.		
> WATERLOO AND BUNKER HILL . . .		160
CHAPTER XII.		
HOOKS AND EYES.—PART I. . . .		183
CHAPTER XIII.		
HOOKS AND EYES.—PART II. . . .		198
CHAPTER XIV.		
RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT.—PART I. . . .		211
CHAPTER XV.		
RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT.—PART II. . . .		227
CHAPTER XVI.		
THE DUKE OF KENT AND HIS TRUMPETER . . .		243
CHAPTER XVII.		
REPEAL		261
CHAPTER XVIII.		
THE HORSE STEALER		273

THE ATTACHÉ;

OR,

SAM SLICK IN ENGLAND.

CHAPTER I.

THE OLD AND THE NEW WORLD.

THE first series of this work had scarcely issued from the press, when I was compelled to return to Nova Scotia, on urgent private affairs. I was fortunately not detained long, and arrived again at Liverpool after an absence of three months. To my surprise, I found Mr. Slick at the Liner's Hotel. He was evidently out of spirits, and even the excitement of my

unexpected return did not wholly dissipate his gloom. My fears were at first awakened for the safety of my excellent friend Mr. Hopewell, but I was delighted to find that he was in good health, and in no way the cause of Mr. Slick's anxiety. I pushed my enquiries no further, but left it to him to disclose, as I knew he would in due time, the source of his grief. His outer man was no less changed than his countenance. He wore a dress-coat and pantaloons, a gaudy-figured silk waistcoat, black satin stock, and Parisian hat. A large diamond brooch decorated his bosom, and a heavy gold chain, suspended over his waistcoat, secured his watch; while one of very delicate texture and exquisite workmanship supported an eye-glass. To complete the metamorphos, he had cultivated a very military moustache, and an imperial of the most approved size finished the picture.

I was astonished and grieved beyond measure to find that three short months had effected such a total change in him. He had set up for a man of fashion, and in his failure had made himself, what he in his happier days would have called "a caution to sinners." His plain unpretending attire, frank rough manners, and sound practical good sense, had heretofore always disarmed criticism, and rendered his peculiarities, if not attractive, at least inoffensive and amusing, inasmuch as altogether they constituted a very original and a very striking character. He had now rendered himself ridiculous. It is impossible to express the pain with which I contemplated this awkward, over-dressed, vulgar caricature; and the difficulty with which I recognised my old friend the Clockmaker in dandy Slick. Dress, however, can be put on or laid aside with ease, but fortunately a man's

train of thinking is not so readily changed. It was a source of great satisfaction to me, therefore, to find, as soon as he began to converse, that, with the exception of a very great increase of personal vanity, he was still himself.

“ Well, I am glad to see you again, too, Squire,” he said, “ it raily makes me feel kinder all-overish to shake hands along with you onct more ; and won’t Minister feel hand-over-foot in a twitteration when he hears you ’ve come back. Poor dear old critter, he loves you like a son ; he says you are the only man that has done us justice, and that though you rub us pretty hard sometimes, you touch up the blue noses, and the British, too, every mite and mossel as much, and that it is all done good-natured, and no spite or prejudice in it nother. There is no abuse in your books, he says. Yes, I am glad to see you, ’cause now I *have* got some

one to talk to, that *has* got some sense, and *can* understand me, for the English don't actilly know nothin' out of their own diggins. There is a great contrast atween the Old and the New World, ain't there? I was talking to John Russel the other day about it."

"Who is *he*?" I said; "is he a skipper of one of the liners?"

"Lord love you, no; he is the great noble—Lord Russel—the leadin' Whig statesman. It's only about a week ago I dined with him to Norfolk's—no, it warn't to Norfolk's, it was to Normanby's."

"Is that the way," I again asked, "that you speak of those persons?"

"Isn't it the way they speak to each other?" said he; "doesn't Wellington say, 'Stanley, shall I take wine with you?' and if *they* do, why shouldn't I? It mayn't be proper for a common Britisher to say so, because they ain't equal;

but it's proper for us, for we *are*, that's a fact; and if it wa'n't boastin', superior too, (and look at here, who are these big bugs now, and what was they originally?) for we have natur's nobility. Lord, I wish you could hear Steverman talk of them and their ceremonies."

"Don't you follow Steverman's example, my good friend," I said; "he has rendered himself very ridiculous by assuming this familiar tone. It is very bad taste to talk that way, and no such absurd ceremony exists of creating peers, as I understand he says there is; that is a mere invention of his to gratify democratic prejudice. Speak of them and to them as you see well-bred people in this country do, neither obsequiously nor familiarly, but in a manner that shows you respect both them and yourself."

"Come, I like that talk," said Mr. Slick; "I'm a candid man, I am indeed,

and manners is a thing I rather pride myself on. I ha'n't had no great schoolin' that way in airy days, but movin' in high life, as I do, I want to sustain the honour of our great nation abroad; and if there is a wrong figur' I'm for spitten' on the slate, rubbin' it out and puttin' in a right one. I'll ask Minister what he thinks of it, for he is a book; but you, ('xcuse me, Squire, no offence I hope, for I don't mean none,) but you are nothin' but a colonist you see, and don't know everything. But, as I was a sayin', there is a nation sight of difference too, ain't there, atween an old and a new country? but come, let's go into the coffee-room and sit down, and talk, for sittin' is just as cheap as standin' in a general way."

This spacious apartment was on the right hand of the entrance hall, furnished and fitted in the usual manner. Imme-

diately behind it was the bar-room, which communicated with it in one corner by an open window, and with the hall by a similar aperture. In this corner sat or stood the bar-maid for the purpose of receiving and communicating orders.

“Look at that gall,” said Mr. Slick, “ain’t she a smasher? What a tall, well-made, handsome piece of furniture she is, ain’t she? Look at her hair, ain’t it neat? and her clothes fit so well, and are so nice, and her cap so white, and her complexion so clear, and she looks so good-natured, and smiles so sweet, it does one good to look at her. She is a whole team and a horse to spare, that gall,—that’s a fact. I go and call for two or three glasses of brandy-cocktail more than I want every day, just for the sake of talking to her. She always says, ‘What will you be pleased to have, sir?’ ‘Somethin’,” says I, ‘that I can’t have,’

lookin' at her pretty mouth about the wickedest; well, she laughs, for she knows what I mean; and says, 'P'r'aps you will have a glass of bitters, sir?' and she goes and gets it. Well, this goes on three or four times a day, every time the identical same tune, only with variations.

"About an hour afore you come in I was there agin. 'What will you be pleased to have, sir?' says she agin, laughin'. 'Somethin' I can't get,' says I, a laughin' too, and a smackin' of my lips and a lettin' off sparks from my eyes like a blacksmith's chimney. 'You can't tell that till you try,' says she; 'but you can have your bitters at any rate,' and she drewed a glass and gave it to me. It tan'te so bad that, is it? Well, now she has seed you before, and knows you very well; go to her and see how nicely she will courtshy, how pretty she will smile, and how lady-like she will say, 'How do

you do, sir? I hope you are quite well, sir; have you just arrived?—Here, chambermaid, show this gentleman to No. 200.—Sorry, sir, we are so full, but to-morrow we will move you into a better room.—Thomas, take up this gentleman's luggage;' and then she'd courtshy agin, and smile handsome. Don't that look well now? do you want anything better nor that, eh? if you do, you are hard to please, that's all. But stop a bit, don't be in such an everlastin' almighty hurry; think afore you speak; go there agin—set her a smilin' once more, and look close. It's only skin deep—just on the surface, like a cat's paw on the water, it's nothin' but a rimple like, and no more; then look closer still and you will desearn the color of it.

“I see you laugh at the color of a smile, but still watch and you'll see it. Look now, don't you see the color of the shilling there, it's white, and cold, and

silvery,—*it's a bought smile*, and a bought smile, like an artificial flower, has no sweetness in it. There is no natur—it's a cheat—it's a pretty cheat—it don't ryle you none, but still it's a cheat. It's like whipt cream; open your mouth wide, take it all in, and shut your lips down on it tight, and it's nothin'—it's only a mouthful of moonshine; yes, it's a pretty cheat, that's a fact. This ain't confined to the women nother. Petticoats have smiles and courtshys, and the trowsers bows and scrapes, and my-lords for you, there ain't no great difference that way; so send for the landlord. 'Lardner,' says you, 'Sir,' says he, and he makes you a cold, low, deep, formal bow, as much as to say, 'Speak, Lord, for thy sarvent is a dog.' 'I want to go to church to-morrow,' says you; 'what church do you recommend?' Well, he eyes you all over, careful, afore he answers, so as not to

back up a wrong tree. He sees you are from t' other side of the water; he guesses, therefore, you can't be a churchman, and must be a radical: and them that calculate that way miss a figure as often as not, I can tell you. So he takes his cue to please you. 'St. Luke's, sir, is a fine church, and plenty of room, for there ain't no congregation; M'Neil's church has no congregation, nother, in a manner; you can only call it a well-dressed mob,—but it has no room; for folks go there to hear politics.' 'Why what is he?' says you. 'Oh, a churchman,' says he, with a long face as if he was the devil. 'No,' says you, 'I don't mean that; but what is his politics?' 'Oh, sir, I am sorry to say, violent—' 'Yes; but what are they?' 'Oh,' says he, lookin' awful shocked, 'tory, sir.' 'Oh, then,' says you, 'he's just the boy that will suit me, for I am tory too, to

the back-bone.' Lardner seems whamble-cropt, scratches his head, looks as if he was delivered of a mistake, bows, and walks off, a sayin' to himself—' Well, if that don't pass, I swear ; who 'd a thought that cursed long-backed, long-necked, punkin-headed colonist was a churchman and a tory ? The ugly devil is worse than he looks, d—n him.'

“ Arter takin' these two samples out of the bulk, now go to Halifax, Nova Scotia, and streak it off to Windsor, hot foot. First stage is Bedford Basin. Poor, dear old Marm Bedford, the moment she sets eyes on you, is out to meet you in less than half no time. Oh, look at the colour of that smile. It's a good wholesome reddish-colour, fresh and warm from the heart, and it's more than skin-deep, too, for there is a laugh walking arm-in-arm with it, lock and lock, that fetches her sides up with a hitch at every jolt of it.

Then that hand ain't a ghost's hand, I can tell you, it's good solid flesh and blood, and it gives you a shake that says, 'I'm in rail, right down airnest.' 'Oh, Squire, is that you?—well, I am glad to see you; you are welcome home agin:—we was most afeered you was goin' to leave us; folks made so much of you t'other side of the water. Well, travellin' agrees with you—it does indeed—you look quite hearty agin.'

“‘But, come,’ says you, ‘sit down, my old friend, and tell me the news, for I have seen nobody yet; I only landed two hours ago. ‘Well,’ she’ll say, ‘the Admiral’s daughter’s married, and the Commissioner’s daughter is married:’ and then, shuttin’ the door, ‘they do say Miss A. is to be married to Colonel B. and the widow X. to lawyer V. but I don’t believe the last, for she is too good for him: he’s a low, radical

fellow, that, and she has too much good sense to take such a creature as him.' 'What bishop was that I saw here just now?' says you. 'A Westindgy bishop,' says she; 'he left half-an-hour ago, with a pair of hosses, two servants, three pounds of butter, a dozen of fresh eggs, and a basket of blue berries.' But Miss M., what do you think, Squire? she has given Captain Tufthunt the mitten, she has indeed, upon my word! — fact, I assure you. Ain't it curious, Squire, weddin's is never out of women's heads. They never think of nothin' else. A young gall is always thinkin' of her own; as soon as she is married, she is a match makin' for her companions, and when she is a little grain older, her darter's weddin' is uppermost agin. Oh, it takes great study to know a woman, — how cunnin' they are! Ask a young gall the news, she'll tell you of all the deaths in the

place, to make you think she don't trouble herself about marriages. Ask an old woman, she'll tell you of all the marriages to make you think she is takin' an interest in the world that she ain't. They sartainly do beat all, do women. Well, then, Marm will jump up all of a sudden, and say, 'But, dear me, while I am a sitten' here a talkin', there is no orders for your lunch; what will you have, Squire.' 'What you can't get anywhere in first chop style,' says you, 'but in Nova Scotia, and never here in perfection but at your house—a broiled chicken and blue-nose potatoes.' 'Ah!' says she, puttin' up her finger and lookin' arch, 'now you are makin' fun of us, Squire?' 'Upon my soul I am not,' says you, and you may safely swear to that too, I can tell you; for that house has a broiled chicken and a potatoe for a man that's in a hurry to move on, that

may stump the world. Well, then you 'll light a cigar, and stroll out to look about the location, for you know every tree, and stone, and brook, and hill, about there, as well as you know beans, and they will talk to the heart as plain as if they was gifted with gab. Oh, home is home, however homely, I can tell you. And as you go out, you see faces in the bar-room you know, and it 's 'Oh, Squire, how are you?—Welcome home agin,—glad to see you once more; how have you had your health in a general way?—Saw your folks driven out yesterday—they are all well to home.'

“They don't take their hats off, them chaps, for they ain't dependants, like tenants here: most of them farmers are as well off as you be, and some on 'em better; but they jist up and give you a shake of the daddle, and ain't a bit the less pleased; your books have made 'em better

known, I can tell you. They are kinder proud of 'em, that's a fact. Then the moment your back is turned, what 's their talk? — why it 's, ' Well it 's kinder nateral to see him back here again among us, ain't it; he is lookin' well, but he is broken a good deal, too; he don't look so cheerful as he used to did, and don't you mind, as he grows older, he looks more like his father, too?' 'I've heered a good many people remark it,' says they. — 'Where on airth,' says one, 'did he get all them queer stories he has sot down in his books, and them Yankee words, don't it beat all natur?' 'Get them,' says another; 'why he is a sociable kind of man, and as he travels round the circuits, he happens on a purpose, accidentally like, with folks, and sets 'em a talkin', or makes an excuse to light a cigar, goes in, sets down and hears all and sees all. I mind, I drove him to Liverpool, to court there

onct, and on our way we stopt at Saw-away village. Well, I stays out to mind the horse, and what does he do but goes in, and scrapes acquaintance with Marm,—for if there is a man and a woman in the room, petticoats is sartain to carry the day with him. Well, when I come back, there was him and Marm a standin' up by the mantel-piece, as thick as two thieves, a chattin' away as if they had knowed each other for ever a'most. When she come out, says she, 'Who on airth is that man? he is the most sociable man I ever seed.' 'That,' says I, 'why it's Lawyer Poker.' 'Poker!' says she, in great fright, and a rasin' of her voice, 'which Poker, for there is two of that name, one that lives to Halifax, and one that lives to Windsor; which is it?' says she, 'tell me this minnit.' 'Why,' says I, 'him that wrote the "Clockmaker."' 'What, Sam Slick?' says she, and she

screamed out at the tip eend of her tongue, ‘ Oh, my goodies ! if I had knowed that I wouldn’t have gone into the room on no account. They say, though he appears to take no notice, nothin’ never escapes him ; he hears everything, and sees everything, and has his eye in every cubby-hole. Oh, dear, dear, here I am with the oldest gownd on I have, with two buttons off behind, and my hair not curled, and me a talkin’ away as if he was only a common man ! It will be all down in the next book, see if it ain’t. Lord love you, what made you bring him here, —I am frighten to death ; oh, dear ! oh, dear ! only think of this old gownd !’— That ’s the way he gets them stories, he gets them in travellin’.’

“ Oh, Squire, there ’s a vast difference atween a thick peopled and a thin peopled country. Here you may go in and out of a bar-room or coffee-room a thou-

sand times and no one will even ax who you are. They don't know, and they don't want to know. Well then, Squire, just as you are a leaven' of Bedford-house to progress to Windsor, out runs black Jim, (you recollect Jim that has been there so long, don't you?) a grinnin' from ear to ear like a catamount, and opens carriage-door. 'Grad to see you back, massa; miss you a travellin' shocking bad, sar. I like your society werry much, you werry good company, sar.' You give him a look as much as to say, 'What do you mean, you black rascal?' and then laugh, 'cause you know he tried to be civil, and you give him a shilling, and then Jim shows you two rows of ivory, such as they never seed in this country, in all their born days. Oh, yes, smile for smile, heart for heart, kindness for kindness, welcome for welcome—give me old Nova Scotia yet; —there ain't nothin' like it here."

There was much truth in the observations of Mr. Slick, but at the same time they are not free from error. Strangers can never expect to be received in any country with the same cordiality friends and old patrons are; and even where the disposition exists, if crowds travel, there is but little time that can be spared for congratulations. In the main, however, the contrast he has drawn is correct, and every colonist, at least, must feel, that this sort of civility is more sincere and less mercenary in the *new* than in the *old world*.

CHAPTER II.

THE BOARDING-SCHOOLS.

WHILE strolling about the neighbourhood of the town this afternoon, we passed what Colonel Slick would have called "several little detachments of young ladies," belonging to a boarding-school, each detachment having at its head an officer of the establishment. Youth, innocence, and beauty, have always great attractions for me; I like young people, I delight in talking to them. There is a joyousness and buoyancy about them, and they are so full of life and hope, it revives my drooping spirits, it awakens agreeable re-

collections, and makes me feel, for the time at least, that I am young myself. "Look at those beautiful creatures," I said, "Mr. Slick. They seem as happy as birds just escaped from a cage."

"Yes," said he, "and what a cussed shame it is to put 'em into a cage at all. In the West Indgies, in old times, every plantation had a cage for the little niggers, a great large enormous room, and all the little darkies was put in there and spoon-fed with meal-vittals by some old granny, and they were as fat as chickens and as lively as crickets, (you never see such happy little imps of darkness since you was born,) and their mothers was sent off to the fields to work. It saved labor and saved time, and labor and time is money, and it warn't a bad contrivance. Well, old Bunton, Joe Sturge, and such sort of cattle of the Abolition breed, when they heerd of this,

went a roarin' and a bellowin' about all over England, like cows that had lost their calves, about the horrid cruelty of these nigger coops.

“Now, these boardin'-schools for gals here is a hundred thousand times wuss than the nigger nurseries was. Mothers send their children here 'cause they are too lazy to tend 'em, or too ignorant to teach 'em themselves, or 'cause they want 'em out o' the way that they may go into company, and not be kept to home by kickin', squeelin', gabblin' brats; and what do they larn here? why, nothin' that they had ought to, and everything that they had ought not to. They don't love their parents, 'cause they haint got that care, and that fondlin', and protection, and that habit that breeds love. Love won't grow in cold ground, I can tell you. It must be sheltered from the frost, and protected from the storm, and wa-

tered with tears, and warmed with the heat of the heart, and the soil be kept free from weeds; and it must have support to lean on, and be tended with care day and night, or it pines, grows yaller, fades away, and dies. It's a tender plant is love, or else I don't know human natur, that's all. Well, the parents don't love them nother. *Mothers can get weaned as well as babies.* The same causes a'most makes folks love their children, that makes their children love them. Who ever liked another man's flower-garden as well as his own? Did you ever see one that did, for I never did? He haint tended it, he haint watched its growth, he haint seed the flowers bud, unfold, and bloom. *They haint growed up under his eye and hand, he haint attached to them, and don't care who plucks 'em.*

“And then who can teach religion but a mother? religion is a thing of the af-

fections. Lord ! parsons may preach, and clerks may make 'sponses for ever, but they won't reach the little heart of a little child. All *I* got, I got from mother, for father was so almighty impatient ; if I made the leastest mistake in the world in readin' the Bible, he used to fall to and swear like a trooper, and that spiled all. Minister was always kind and gentle, but he was old, and old age seems so far off from a child, that it listens with awe, scary like, and runs away screamin' with delight as soon as it's over, and forgets all. Oh ! it's an on-natural thing to tear a poor little gal away from home, and from all she knows and loves, and shove her into a house of strangers, and race off and leave her. Oh ! what a sight of little chords it must stretch, so that they are never no good arterwards, or else snap 'em right short off. How it must harden the heart and

tread down all the young sproutin' feelin's, so that they can never grow up and ripen.

“ Why, a gall ought be nothin' but a lump of affection, as a Mother Carey's chicken is nothin' but a lump of fat; not that she has to love so much, but to endure so much; not that she has to bill and coo all day, for they plaguy soon get tired of that; but that she has to give up time and give up inclination, and alter her likes and alter her dislikes, and do everythin' and bear everythin', and all for affection. She ought to love, so that duty is a pleasure, *for where there is no love there will be no duty done right.* You wouldn't hear of so many runaway matches if it warn't for them cussed boardin'-schools, I know. A young chap sees one of these angeliferous galls a goin' a walkin', and enquires who she is and what she is. He hears she has a great fortin', and he knows she has great beauty

—splendid gall she is, too. She has been taught to stand strait and walk strait, like a drill-sarjeant. She knows how to get into a carriage and show no legs, and to get out o' one as much unlike a bear and as much like a lady as possible, never starn fust, but like a diver, head fust. She can stand in fust, second, or third position to church, and hold her book and her elbous graceful,—very important church lessons them too, much more than the lessons parsons reads. Then she knows a little tiny prayer-book makes a big hand look hugeaceous, and a big one makes it look small; and, besides, she knows all about smiles, the smile to set with or walk with, the smile to talk with, the smile o' surprise, the smile scornly, and the smile piteous. She is a most accomplished gal, that's a fact, how can it be otherwise in natur? Aint she at a female seminary, where, though the

mistress don't know nothin', she can teach everythin', 'cause it 's a fashionable school, and very aristocratic and very dear. It must be good, it costs so much; and you can't get nothin' good without a good price, that 's a fact.

“ Well, fortin' - hunter watches and watches till he attracts attention, and the moment she looks at him his eye tells her he loves her. Creation, man! you might as well walk over a desert of gunpowder, shod with steel soles and flint heels, as to tell that to a gal for the fust time, whose heart her school-mistress and her mother had both made her feel was empty, and that all her education went to write on a paper and put in its window ‘ Lodg-in's to let here for a single man.’ She is all in a conflustugation in a minute—a lover!—a real lover too, not a school-boy, but an elegant young man, just such a one as she had heered tell of in novels.

How romantic aint it? and yet, Squire, how nateral too, for this poor desarted gal to think like a fool fust, and act like a fool arterwards, aint it? She knows she warn't made to grow alone, and that like a vine she ought to have sunthin' to twine round for support; and when she sees this man, the little tendrils of her heart incline right that way at oncet.

“ But then love never runs smooth. How in the world are they ever to meet, seein' that there is a great high brick wall atween them, and she is shot up most o' the time? Ah! there is the rub. Do you know, dear? There is but one safe way, loveliest of women, only one, —run away. Run away! that's an awful word, it frightens her 'most to death; she goes right off to bed and cries like anything, and that clears her head and she thinks it all over, for it won't do to take

such a step as that without considerin', will it? 'Let me see,' says she, 'suppose I do go, what do I leave? A cold, formal, perlite mistress, horrid pitikelar, and horrid vexed when men admire her boarders more than her; a taunten' or a todyin' assistant, and a whole regement of dancin' masters, musick masters, and French masters. Lessons, lessons, lessons, all for the head and nothin' for the heart; hard work and a prison-house, with nothin' to see but feller prisoners a pinin' through the bars like me. And what do I run *for*? Why, an ardent, passionate, red-hot lover, that is to love me all my life, and more and more every day of my life, and who will shoot himself or drown himself if I don't, for he can't live without me, and who has glorious plans of happiness, and is sure of success in the world, and all that. It taint racin' off from father and mother nother, for they ain't here; an'

besides, I am sure and sartain they will be reconciled in a minute, when they hear what a splendid match I have made, and what a dear beautiful man I have married.' It is done.

"Ah! where was old marm then, that the little thing could have raced back and nestled in her bosom, and throwd her arms round her neck, and put her face away back to her ears to hide her blushes? and say 'dear ma', I am in love;' and that she agin could press her up to her heart, and kiss her, and cry with her, and kind o' give way at fust, so as not to snub her too short at oncet, for fear of rearin', or kickin', or backin', or sulkin', but gentle, little by little, jist by degrees get her all right agin. Oh! where was mother's eye when fortin'-hunter was a scalin' the brick wall, that it might see the hawk that was a threatenin' of her chicken; and where was old father with

his gun to scare him off, or to wing him so he could do no harm? Why, mother was a dancin' at Almack's, and father was a huntin'; then it sarves 'em right, the poacher has been into the presarve and snared the bird, and I don't pity 'em one mossel.

“Well, time runs away as well as lovers. In nine days puppies and bridegrooms begin to get their eyes open in a general way. It taint so easy for brides, they are longer about it; but they do see at last, and when they do, it's about the clearest. So, one fine day, poor little miss begins to open her peepers, and the fust thing she disarns is a tired, lyin' lover — promises broke that never was meant to be kept,—hopes as false as vows, and a mess of her own makin', that's pretty considerable tarnation all over. Oh! how she sobs, and cries, and guesses she was wrong, and

repents; and then she writes home, and begs pardon, and, child-like, says she will never do so again. Poor crittur, it's one o' them kind o' things that can't be done agin,—oncet done, done for ever; yes, she begs pardon, but father won't forgive, for he has been larfed at; mother won't forgive, 'cause she has to forgive herself fust, and that she can't do; and both won't forgive, for it's settin' a bad example. All doors behind the poor little wretch are closed, and there is but one open before her, and that looks into a churchyard. They are nice little places to stroll in, is buryin'-grounds, when you aint nothin' to do but read varses on tomb-stones; but it taint every one likes to go there to sleep with the silent folks that's onder ground, I can tell you. It looks plaguy like her home that's prepared for her though, for there is a little spot on the cheek, and a little pain in the

side, and a little hackin' cough, and an eye sometimes watery, and sometimes hectic bright, and the sperits is all gone. Well, I've seed them signs so often, I know as well what follows, as if it was rain arter three white frosts, melancholy—consumption—a broken heart, and the grave.—*This is the fruit of a boardin'-school; beautiful fruit, aint it? It ripened afore its time, and dropt off the tree airly. The core was eaten by a worm, and that worm was bred in a boardin'-school.*

“Lord, what a world this is! We have to think in harness as well as draw in harness. We talk of this government being free, and that government being free, but fashion makes slaves of us all. If we don't obey we aint civilised. You must think with the world, or go out of the world. Now, in the high life I've been movin' in lately, we must swear by Shakspeare whether we have a taste for

plays or not,—swaller it in a lump, like a bolus, obscene parts and all, or we have no soul. We must go into fits if Milton is spoke of, though we can't read it if we was to die for it, or we have no tastes ; such is high life, and high life governs low life.

“ Every Englishman and every American that goes to the Continent must admire Paris, its tawdry theatres, its nasty filthy parks, its rude people, its cheaten' tradesmen ; its horrid formal parties, its affected politicians, its bombastical braggin' officers and all. If they don't they are vulgar wretches that don't know nothin', and can't tell a fricaseed cat from a stewed frog. Let 'em travel on and they darsn't say what they think of them horrid, stupid, oncomfortable, gamblin' Garman waterin'-places nother. Oh, no ! fashion says you can't.

“ It's just so with these cussed boardin'-schools ; you must swear by 'em, or folks

will open their eyes and say, ‘ Where was you raird, young man ? Does your mother know you are out ? ’ Oh, dear ! how many gals they have ruined, how many folks they have fooled, and how many families they have capsised, so they never was righted agin. It taint no easy matter, I can tell you, for folks of small fortin to rig a gal out for one o’ these seminaries that have the sign ‘ man-traps set here,’ stuck over the door. It costs a considerable of a sum, which in middlin’ life is a little fortin like. Well, half the time a gal is allowed to run wild ’till she is fourteen years old, or thereabouts, browsin’ here and browsin’ there, and jumpin’ out of this pastur’ into that pastur’ like mad. Then she is run down and catched : a bearin’ rein put on her to make her carry up her head well ; a large bit put atween her teeth to give her a good mouth, a cer-single belt strapt tight round her waist to

give her a good figur', and a dancin'-master hired to give her her paces, and off she is sent to a boardin'-school to get the finishin' touch. There she is kept for three, or four, or five years, as the case may be, till she has larnt what she ought to have knowed at ten. Her edication is then slicked off complete ; a manty-maker gets her up well, and she is sent back to home with the Tower stamp on her, ' edicated at a boardin'-school.' She astonishes the natives round about where the old folks live, and makes 'em stare agin, she is so improved. She plays beautiful on the piano, two pieces, they were crack pieces, larned onder the eye and ear of the master ; but there is a secret nobody knows but her, she can't play nothin' else. She sings two or three songs, the last lessons larnt to school, and the last she ever will larn. She has two or three beautiful drawin's, but there is a secret here, too ;

the master finished 'em and she can't do another. She speaks French beautiful, but its fortunate she aint in France now, so that secret is safe. She is a very agreeable gal, and talks very pleasantly, for she has seen the world.

“ She was to London for a few weeks ; saw the last play, and knows a great deal about the theatre. She has been to the opera oncet, and has seen Celeste and Fanny Estler, and heard La Blache and Grisi, and is a judge of dancin' and singin'. She saw the Queen a horseback in the Park, and is a judge of ridin' ; and was at a party at Lady Syllabub's, and knows London life. This varnish lasts a whole year. The two new pieces wear out, and the songs get old, and the drawin's everybody has seed, and the London millinery wants renewin', and the Queen has another Princess, and there is another singer at the Opera, and all is gone but the

credit, 'she was edicated at a boardin'-school.'

"But that aint the wust nother, she is never no good arterwards. If she has a great fortin, it aint so much matter, for rich folks can do what they please; but if she aint, why a head oncet turned like a stifle-joint oncet put out in a horse, it aint never quite right agin. It will take a sudden twist agin when you least expect it. A taste for dress—a taste for company—a taste for expense, and a taste for beaux was larnt to boardin'-school, and larnt so well it's never forgot. A taste for no housekeepin', for no domestic affairs, and for no anythin' good or useful, was larnt to boardin'-school too, and these two tastes bein' kind o' rudiments, never wear out and grow rusty.

"Well, when Miss comes home, when old father and old marm go to lay down the law, she won't take it from 'em, and

then ‘there is the devil to pay and no pitch hot.’ She has been away three years, may be five, and has larned ‘the rights o’ women,’ and the duties of ‘old fogeys’ of fathers, and expects to be her own mistress, and theirn too. Obey, indeed! Why should *she* obey,—Haint she come of age,—Haint she been to a female seminary and got her edication finished. It’s a runnin’ fight arter that; sometimes she’s brought to, and sometimes, bein’ a clipper, she gets to windward herself, and larfs at the chase. She don’t answer signals no more, and why? all young ladies voted it a bore at ‘the boardin’-school.’

“What a pretty wife that critter makes, don’t she?—She never heerd that husband and wives was made for each other, but only that husbands was made for wives.—She never heerd that home meant anything but a house to see company in, or

that a puss had any eend to it but one, and that was for the hand to go in. Heavens and airth ! the feller she catches will find her a man-trap, I know—and one, too, that will hold on like grim death to a dead nigger,—one that he can't lose the grip of, and can't pull out of, but that's got him tight and fast for ever and ever. If the misfortunate wretch has any children, like their dear mamma, they in their turn are packed off to be edicated and ruined,—to be finished and bedeviled, body and soul, to '*a boardin'-school*'."

CHAPTER III.

THE REVOLUTIONARY HERO.

THE following morning, Mr. Slick, who always made much greater despatch at his meals than any man I ever saw, called for the daily newspaper before I had half-finished my breakfast. "Cotton 's ris," said he, "a penny a pound, and that 's a'most four dollars a bale or so; I'm five thousand dollars richer than I was yesterday mornin.' I knowd this must be the case in course, for I had an account of last year's crop, and I larnt what stock was on hand here, so I spekilated the other day, and bought a considerable passel. I'll put it off to-day on the ene-

my. Gauli-opilus! if here aint the Great Western a comin' in;" and he threw down the paper with an air of distress, and sat for some time wholly absorbed with some disagreeable subject. After a while he rose and said, "Squire, will you take a walk down to the docks along with me, if you 've done breakfast. I'll introduce you to a person you've often heerd tell of, but never saw afore. Father's come.—I never was so mad in all my life.—What on airth shall I do with the old man here?—but it sarves me right, it all comes of my crackin' and boastin' so, in my letters to sister Sal, of my great doings to London. Dear, dear, how provokin' this is! I aint a critter that's easy scared off, but I swear to man I feel vastly more like scooterin' off than spunk-in' up to face him, that's a fact. You know, Squire, I am a man of fashion now;" and here he paused for a while

and adjusted his shirt collar, and then took a lingering look of admiration at a large diamond ring on his fore-finger, before its light was extinguished by the glove—"I'm a man of fashion now; I move in first circles; my *position* in *society* is about as tall as any citizen of our country ever had; and I must say I feel kinder proud of it.

"But, heavens and airth what shall I do with father? I warn't broughten up to it myself, and if I hadn't a been as soople as moose wood, I could'nt have gotten the ins and outs of high life as I have. As it was, I most gi'n it up as a bad job; but now I guess I am as well dressed a man as any you see, use a silver fork as if it was nothin' but wood, wine with folks as easy as the best on 'em, and am as free and easy as if I was to home. It's gini-rally allowed I go the whole figure, and do the thing genteel. But father, airth and seas! he never see nothin' but

Slickville, for Bunkerhill only lasted one night and a piece of next day, and continental troops warn't like Broadway or west-eend folks, I tell you. Then he's considerable hard of heerin', and you have to yell a thing out as loud as a training-gun afore he can understand it. He swears, too, enough for a whole court-house when he's mad. He larnt that in the old war, it was the fashion then, and he's one o' them that won't alter nothin'. But that aint the worst nother, he has some o' them country-fied ways that ryle the Britishers so much. He chaws tobaccy like a turkey, smokes all day long, and puts his legs on the table, and spits like an enjine. Even to Slickville these revolutionary heroes was always reckoned behind the age; but in the great world, like New York, or London, or Paris, where folks go a-head in manners as well as everything else, why it won't go down no

longer. I'm a peaceable man when I'm good-natured, but I'm ugly enough when I'm ryled, I tell you. Now folks will stuboy father, and set him on to make him let out jist for a laugh, and if they do, I'm into them as sure as rates. I'll clear the room, I'll be switched if I don't. No man shall insult father, and me stand-in' by, without catching it, I know. For old, deaf, and rough as he is, he is father, and that is a large word when its spelt right.—Yes, let me see the man that will run a rigg on him, and by the Tarnal”—

Here he suddenly paused, and turning to a man that was passing, said, “What do you mean by that?” “What?” “Why runnin' agin me, you had better look as if you didn't, hadn't you?” “You be hanged,” said the man, “I didn't touch you.” “D—n you,” said Mr. Slick, “I'll knock you into the middle of next week.” “Two can play at that game,” said the

stranger," and in a moment they were both in attitude. Catching the latter's eye, I put my finger to my forehead, and shook my head. "Ah!" said he, "poor fellow! I thought so," and walked away. "You thought so," said Mr. Slick, "did you? Well, it's lucky you found it out afore you had to set down the figures, I can tell you."

"Come, come," I said, "Mr. Slick, I thought you said you were a man of fashion, and here you are trying to pick a quarrel in the street."

"Fashion, sir," said he, "it is always my fashion to fight when I'm mad; but I do suppose, as you say, a street quarrel aint very genteel. Queen might hear it, and it would lower our great nation in the eyes of foreigners. When I'm ready to bust, tho', I like to let off steam, and them that's by must look out for scaldings, that's all. I am ryled, that's a fact, and

it's enough to put a man out of sorts to have this old man come a trampousin' here, to set for a pictur to Dickens or some other print maker, and for me to set by and hear folks a snickerin' at it. If he will go a bull-draggin' of me about, I'll resign and go right off home agin, for he'll dress so like old Scratch, we shall have a whole crowd arter our heels whichever way we go. I'm a gone sucker, that's a fact, and shall have a muddy time of it. Pity, too, for I am gettin' rather fond of high life; I find I have a kinder nateral taste for good society. A good tuck out every day, for a man that has a good appetite, aint to be sneezed at, and as much champagne, and hock, and madeiry as you can well carry, and cost you nothin' but the trouble of eatin' and drinkin', to my mind is better than cuttin' your own fodder. At first I didn't care much about wine; it warn't

strong enough, and didn't seem to have no flavor, but taste improves, and I am a considerable judge of it now. I always used to think champagne no better nor mean cider, and p'raps the imertation stuff we make to New York aint, but if you get the clear grit there is no mistake in it. Lick, it feels handsome, I tell you. Sutherland has the best I've tasted in town, and it's iced down to the exact p'int better nor most has it."

"Sutherland's," I said, "is that the hotel near Mivart's?"

"Hotel, indeed!" said he, "whoever heer'd of good wine at an hotel? and if he did hear of it, what a fool he'd be to go drink it there and pay for it, when he can dine out and have it all free gratis for nothin'. Hotel, indeed!!—no, it's the great Duke of Sutherland's. The 'Socdolager' and I dine there often."

“Oh! the Duke of Sutherland,” said I; “now I understand you.”

“And I,” he replied, “understand you now, too, Squire. Why, in the name of sense, if you wanted to c’rect me, did you go all round about and ax so many questions? Why didn’t you come straight up to the mark, and say that word ‘Sutherland’ has slipt off its handle, and I’d a fixt the helve into the eye, and put a wedge into it to fasten it in my memory. I do like a man to stand up to his lick log, but no matter.

“Well, as I was a-sayin’, his champagne is the toploftiest I’ve seen. His hock aint quite so good as Bobby Peel’s (I mean Sir Robert Peel). Lord, he has some from Joe Hannah’s,—Bug Metternich’s vineyard on the Rhine. It is very sound, has a tall flavour, a good body, and a special handsome taste. It beats the *Bug’s*, I tell you. High life is high life, that’s a fact,

especially for a single man, for it costs him nothin' but for his bed, and cab-hire, and white gloves. He lives like a pet rooster, and actilly saves his board. To give it all up aint no joke; but if this old man will make a show—for I shall feel as striped as a rainbow—of himself, I'm off right away, I tell you,—I won't stand it, for he is my father, and what's more, I can't, for, (drawing himself up, composing his moustache, and adjusting his collar) *I am 'Sam Slick.'*

“What induced him,” I said, “at his advanced age, to ‘tempt the stormy deep,’ and to leave his comfortable home to visit a country against which I have often heard you say he had very strong prejudices.”

“I can't just 'xactly say what it is,” said he, “it's a kind of mystery to me,—it would take a great bunch of cipherin' to find that out,—but I'm afeerd it's my foolish letters to sister Sal, Squire, for

I'll tell you candid, I've been braggin' in a way that aint slow to Sal, cause I knowed it would please her, and women do like most special to have a crane to hang their pot-hooks on, so I thought my 'brother Sam' would make one just about the right size. If you'd a-seen my letters to her, you wouldn't a-scolded about leaving out titles, I can tell you, for they are all put in at tandem length. They are full of Queen and Prince, and Lords and Dukes, and Marquisas and Markees, and Sirs, and the Lord knows who. She has been astonishin' the natives to Slickville with Sam and the Airl, and Sam and the Dutchess, and Sam and the Baronet, and Sam and the Devil, and I intended she should; but she has turned poor old father's head, and that I didn't intend she should. It sarves me right though,—I had no business to brag, for though brag is a good dog, hold-fast is a better one.

But Willis bragged, and Rush bragged, and Stephenson bragged, and they all bragged of the Lords they knowed to England; and then Cooper bragged of the Lords he refused to know there; and when they returned every one stared at them, and said, ‘Oh he knows nobility,—or he is so great a man he would’nt touch a noble with a pair of tongs.’ So I thought I’d brag a little too, so as to let poor Sal say my brother Sam went a-head of them all. There was no great harm in it arter all, Squire, was there? You know, at home, in a family where none but household is by, why we do let out sometimes, and say nobody is good enough for Sal, and nobody rich enough for Sam, and the Slicks are the first people in Slickville, and so on. It’s innocent and nateral too, for most folks think more of themselves in a gineral way than any one else does. But, Lord love you, there is no calculatin’

on women,—they are the cause of all the evil in the world. On purpose or on accident, in temper or in curiosity, by hook or by crook, some how or another, they do seem as if they couldn't help doin' mischief. Now, here is Sal, as good and kind-hearted a crittur as ever lived, has gone on boastin' till she has bust the byler. She has made a proper fool of poor old father, and e'en a-jist ruined me. I'me a gone coon now, that's a fact. Jist see this letter of father's, tellin' me he is a-comin' over in the 'Western.' If it was any one else's case, I should haw-haw right out; but now its come home, I could boo-hoo with spite a'most. Here it is,—no that's not it nother, that's an invite from Melb.—Lord Melbourne—no this is it,—no it tainte nother, that's from Lord Brougham,—no, it's in my trunk,—I'll shew it to you some other time. I can't 'xactly fathom it: it's a ditch I can't jist

pole over ;—he's got some crotchet in his head, but the Lord only knows what. I was proud of father to Slickville, and so was every one, for he was the makin' of the town, and he was one of our old veterans too ; but here, somehow or another, it sounds kinder odd to have a man a crackin' of himself up as a Bunker Hill, or a revolutionary hero."

CHAPTER IV.

THE EYE.

As soon as the "Great Western" was warped into dock I left Mr. Slick, and returned to the hotel. His unwillingness to meet his father I knew arose from the difference of station in which they were adventitiously placed; his pride was evidently wounded, and I was reluctant to increase his mortification by witnessing their first interview. I did not see them until the following day, when we were about to depart for London. It was evident, from the appearance of the Colonel, that his son had caused his whole attire to be changed, for it was perfectly

new, and not unlike that of most persons of his age in England. He was an uncultivated man, of rough manners and eccentric habits, and very weak and vain. He had not kept pace with the age in which he lived, and was a perfect specimen of a colonist of the rural districts of Connecticut sixty years ago. I had seen many such persons among the loyalists, or refugees as they were called, who had followed the troops at the peace of 1784 to Nova Scotia. Although quite an original therefore in England, there was but little of novelty either in his manner, appearance, or train of thought, to me. Men who have a quick perception of the ludicrous in others, are always painfully and sensitively alive to ridicule themselves. Mr. Slick, therefore, watched his father with great uneasiness during our passage in the train to town, and to prevent his exposing his ignorance of

the world, engrossed the whole conversation.

“There is a change in the fashion here, Squire,” said he; “black stocks aint the go no longer for full dress, and white ones aint quite up to the notch nother; to my mind they are a leetle sarvanty. A man of fashion must mind his ‘eye’ always. I guess I’ll send and get some white muslins, but then the difficulty is to tie them neat. Perhaps nothin’ in natur’ is so difficult as to tie a white cravat so as not to rumfoozle it or sile it. It requires quite a slight of hand, that’s a fact. I used to get our beautiful little chamber-help to do it when I first come, for women’s fingers aint all thumbs like men’s; but the angeliferous dear was too short to reach up easy, so I had to stand her on the foot-stool, and that was so tottlish I had to put one hand on one side of her waist, and one on t’other, to steady

her like, and that used to set her little heart a beatin' like a drum, and kinder agitated her, and it made me feel sort of all overish too, so we had to ginn it up, for it took too long; we never could tie the knot under half an hour. But then, practice makes perfect, and that's a fact. If a feller 'minds his eye' he will soon catch the knack, for the eye must never be let go asleep, except in bed. Lord, its in little things a man of fashion is seen in! Now how many ways there be of eatin' an orange. First, there's my way when I'm alone; take a bite out, suck the juice, tear off a piece of the hide and eat it for digestion, and role up the rest into a ball and give it a shy into the street; or, if other folks is by, jist take a knife and cut it into pieces; or, if gals is present, strip him down to his waist, leavin' his outer garment hanging graceful over his hips, and his upper man

standin' in his beautiful shirt; or else quartern him, with hands off, neat, scientific, and workmanlike; or, if its forbidden fruit's to be carved, why tearin' him with silver forks into good sizeable pieces for helpin'. All this is larnt by *mindin' your eye*. And now Squire, let me tell you, for nothin' 'scapes me a'most, tho' I say it that shouldn't say it, but still it taint no vanity in me to say that nothin' never escapes me. *I mind my eye*. And now let me tell you there aint no maxim in natur' hardly equal to that one. Folks may go crackin' and braggin' of their knowledge of Phisionomy, or their skill in Phrenology, but it's all moonshine. A feller can put on any phiz he likes and deceive the devil himself; and as for a knowledge of bumps, why natur' never intended them for signs, or she wouldn't have covered 'em all over with hair, and put them out of sight.

Who the plague will let you be puttin' your fingers under their hair, and be a foozlin' of their heads? If it's a man, why he'll knock you down, and if it's a gal, she will look to her brother, as much as to say, if this sassy feller goes a feelin' of my bumps, I wish you would let your foot feel a bump of his'n, that will teach him better manners, that's all. No, it's 'all in my eye.' You must look there for it. Well, then, some fellers, and especially painters, go a ravin' and a pratin' about the mouth, the expression of the mouth, the seat of all the emotions, the speakin' mouth, the large print of the mouth, and such stuff; and others are for everlastinly a lecturin' about the nose, the expression of the nose, the character of the nose, and so on, jist as if the nose was anything else but a speakin' trumpet that a sneeze blows thro', and the snuffles give the rattles to, or that cant uses as a flute;

I wouldn't give a piece of tobacky for the nose, except to tell me when my food was good: nor a cent for the mouth, except as a kennel for the tongue. But the eye is the boy for me; there's no mistake there; study that well, and you will read any man's heart, as plain as a book. 'Mind your eye' is the maxim you may depend, either with man or woman. Now I will explain this to you, and give you a rule, with examples, as Minister used to say to night school, that's worth knowing I can tell you. 'Mind your eye' is the rule; now for the examples. Furst, let's take men, and then women. Now, Squire, the first railroad that was ever made, was made by natur'. It runs from the heart to the eye, and it goes so almighty fast, it can't be compared to nothin' but iled lightening. The moment the heart opens its doors, out jumps an emotion, whips into a car, and

offs like wink to the eye. That's the station-house and terminus for the passengers, and every passenger carries a lantern in his hand as bright as an Argand lamp; you can see him ever so far off. Look, therefore to the eye, if there aint no lamp there, no soul leaves the heart that hitch; there aint no train runnin', and the station-house is empty. It taint every one that knows this, but as I said before, nothin' never 'scapes me, and I have proved it over and over agin. Smiles can be put on and off like a wig; sweet expressions come and go like shades and lights in natur'; the hands will squeeze like a fox-trap; the body bends most graceful; the ear will be most attentive; the manner will flatter, so you're enchanted; and the tongue will lie like the devil—but *the eye, never*. And yet there are all sorts of eyes. There's an onmeanin' eye, and a cold eye; a true eye, and a

false eye ; a sly eye, a kickin' eye, a passionate eye, a revengeful eye, a manœuvring eye, a joyous eye, and a sad eye ; a squintin' eye, and the evil eye ; and, above all, the dear little lovin' eye, and so forth. They must be studied to be larnt, but the two important ones to be known are the true eye and the false eye. Now what do you think of that statesman that you met to dinner yesterday, that stuck to you like a burr to a sheep's tail, a-takin' such an interest in your books and in colony governments and colonists as sweet as sugar-candy ? What did you think of him, eh ? ”

“ I thought him,” I said, “ a well-informed gentlemanlike man, and I believe him to be a sincere friend of mine. I have received too many civilities from him to doubt his sincerity, especially as I have no claims upon him whatever. I am an unknown, obscure, and humble, man ; above

all, I am a stranger and a colonist ; his attentions, therefore, must be disinterested."

" That's all you know, Squire," said he, " he is the greatest humbug in all England. I'll tell you what he wanted :—He wanted to tap you ; he wanted information ; he wanted your original views for his speech for Parliament ; in short, he wanted to know if Nova Scotia was in Canada or New Brunswick, without the trouble of looking it out in the map. You didn't mind his eye ; it warn't in tune with his face ; the last was up to consart pitch, and t'other one several notes lower. He was readin' you. His eye was cold, abstracted, thoughtful : it had no Argand lamp in it. He'll use you, and throw you away. You can't use him, if you was to try. You are one of the sticks used by politicians ; he is the hand that holds you. You support him, he is of no good to you. When you cease to answer his purpose he

lays you aside and takes another. He has 'a *manœuvring* eye.' The eye of a politician is like that of an old lawyer, a sort of spider-eye. Few things resembles each other more in natur', than an old cunning' lawyer and a spider. He weaves his web in a corner with no light behind him to show the thread of his nest, but in the shade like, and then he waits in the dark-office to receive visitors. A buzzin', burrin', thoughtless, fly, thinkin' of nothin' but his beautiful wings, and well-made legs, and rather near-sighted withal, comes stumblin' head over heels into the net. 'I beg your pardon,' says fly, 'I reely didn't see this net-work of yours; the weather is so foggy, and the streets so confounded dark—they ought to burn gas here all day. I am afraid I have done mischief.' 'Not at all,' says spider, 'bow-in' most gallus purlite, 'I guess its all my fault; I reckon I had ought to have hung

a lamp out ; but pray don't move or you *may* do dammage. Allow me to assist you.' And then he ties one leg and then t'other, and furls up both his wings, and has him as fast as Gibraltar. ' Now,' says spider, ' my good friend, (a phrase a feller always uses when he's a-goin' to be tricky,) I am afeard you have hurt your self a considerable sum ; I must bleed you.' ' Bleed me,' says fly, ' excuse me, I am much obliged to you, I don't require it.' ' Oh, yes, you do, my dear friend,' he says, and he gets ready for the operation. ' If you dare to do that,' says fly, ' I'll knock you down you scoundrel, and I'me a man that what I lay down I stand on.' ' You had better get up first, my good friend,' says spider a-laughin'. ' You must be bled ; you must pay damages ;' and he bleeds him, and bleeds him, and bleeds him, till he gasps for breath, and feels faintin' come on. ' Let

me go, my good feller,' says poor fly, 'and I will pay liberally.' 'Pay,' says spider; 'you miserable oncircumcised wretch, you have nothin' left to pay with; take that,' and he gives him the last dig, and fly is a gone coon—bled to death.

"The politician, the lawyer, and the spider, they are all alike, they have the *manœvering eye*. Beware of these I tell *you*. *Mind your eye*. Women is more difficulter still to read than man, because smilin' comes as nateral to them as suction to a snipe. Doin' the agreeable is part of their natur', specially afore folks (for sometimes they do the Devil to home). The eye tho' is the thing to tell 'em by, its infallible, that's a fact. There is two sorts of women that have the 'manœvering eye'—one that's false and imprudent, and t'other that's false and cautious. The first is soon found out, by them that live much with them; but I defy old Scratch him-

self to find the other out without ‘mind-in’ his eye.’ I knowed two such women to Slickville, one was all smiles and graces, oh! she was as sweet as candy; oh! dear, how kind she was, She used to kiss me, and oncet gave me the astmy for a week, she hugged me so. She called me dear Sam, always.

“ ‘Oh! Sammy dear,’ says she, ‘how do you do? How is poor dear old Minister, and the Colonel, your father, is he well? Why don’t you come as you used to did to see us? Will you stay dinner to-day?—do, that’s a good fellow. I thought you was offended, you staid away so long.’ ‘Well, I don’t care if I do,’ says I, ‘see-in’ that I have nothin’ above particular to do; but I must titivate up a leetle first, so I’ll jist go into the boy’s room and smarten a bit.’ Well, when I goes in, I could hear her, thro’ the partition, say, ‘What possesses that critter to come here

so often ? he is for ever a botherin' of us ; or else that stupid old Minister comes a prosin' and a potterin' all day ; and as for his father, he is the biggest fool in the whole State, eh ? ' Heavens and airth, how I curled inwardly ! I felt all up an eend. Father the biggest fool in the State, eh ? ' ' No, you are mistaken there, old crocodile,' says I to myself. ' Father's own son is the tallest fool for allowing of himself to be taken in this way by you. But keep cool, Sam,' says I to myself, ' bite in your breath, swallow it all down, and sarve her out her own way. Don't be in debt, pay all back, principal and interest ; get a receipt in full, and be a free man.' So when I went back, oh ! didn't I out-smile her, and out-compliment her ; and when I quit, didn't I return her kiss so hard, she said, ' oh ! ' and looked puzzled, as if I was goin' to be a fool and fall in love. ' Now,' says I, ' Sam, study that screech-

owl in petticoats, and see how it was you was so took in.' Well, I watched, and watched, and at last I found it out. It bust on me all at once, like. I hadn't 'minded her eye.' I saw the face and manner was put on so well, it looked quite nateral, but the eye had no passengers from the heart. Truth warn't there. There was no lamp, it was '*a manœvering eye.*' Such critters are easy found out by those as see a good deal of them, because they see they talk one way to people's faces, and another way to their backs. They aint cautious, and folks soon think; well, when I'm gone my turn will come next, and I'll get it too, and they take care not to give 'em a chance. But a cautious false woman can never be found out but by the eye. I know'd a woman once that was all caution, and a jinniral favorite with every one, every one said what a nice woman she was, how

kind, how agreeable, how sweet, how friendly, and all that, and so she was. She looked so artless, and smiled so pretty, and listened so patient, and defended any one you abused, or held her tongue, as if she wouldn't jine you; and jist looked like a dear sweet love of a woman that was all goodness, good-will to man, charity to woman, and smiles for all. Well, I thought as everybody did. I aint a suspicious man, at least I usn't to did to be, and at that time I didn't know all the secrets of the eye as I do now. One day I was there to a quiltin' frolic, and I was a-tellin' of her one of my good stories, and she was a-lookin' strait at me, a-takin' aim with her smiles so as to hit me with every one on 'em, and a-laughin' like anythin'; but she happened to look round for a pair of scissors that was on t'other side of her, jist as I was at the funnyist part of my story, and lo and be-

hold ! her smiles dropt right slap off like a petticoat when the string's broke, her face looked vacant for a minute, and her eye waited till it caught some one else's, and then it found its focus, looked right strait for it, all true agin, but she never look'd back for the rest of my capital story. *She had never heard a word of it.* ' Creation !' says I, ' is this all a bamm ? —what a fool I be.' I was stumped, I tell you. Well, a few days arterwards I found out the eye secret from t'other woman's behaviour, and I applied the test to this one, and I hope I may never see day-light agin if there wasn't ' the manœvring eye' to perfection. If I had know'd the world then as I do now, I should have had some misgivings sooner. *No man, nor woman nother, can be a general favorite, and be true.* It don't stand to natur' and common sense. *The world is divided into three classes ; the good, the bad,*

and the indifferent. If a woman is a favorite of all, there is somethin' wrong. She ought to love the good, to hate the wicked, and let the indifferent be. If the indifferent like, she has been pretendin' to them; if the bad like, she must have assented to them; and if the good like, under these circumstances, they are duped. A general favorite don't deserve to be a favorite with no one. And besides that, I ought to have know'd, and ought to have asked, does she weep with them that weep, because that is friendship, and no mistake. Anybody can smile with you, for it's pleasant to smile, or romp with you, for romping is fine fun; but will they lessen your trouble by takin' some of the load of grief off your shoulders for you and carryin' it? That's the question, for that aint a pleasant task; but it's the duty of a friend though, that's a fact. Oh! cuss your universal favorites, I say! Give me the rael Jeremiah."

“ But lord love you ! obsarvin’ is larn-
ing. This aint a deep subject arter all,
for this eye study is not rit in cypher like
treason, nor in the dead languages, that
have been dead so long ago, there is only
the hair and the bones of them left. Nor
foreign languages, that’s only fit for singin’,
swarin’, braggin’, and blowin’ soup when
it’s hot, nor any kind of lingo. It’s the
language of natur’, and the language of
natur’ is the voice of Providence. Dogs
and children can larn it, and half the time
know it better nor man ; and one of the
first lessons and plainest laws of natur’ is,
‘ to mind the eye.’ ”

CHAPTER V.

THE QUEEN.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury, according to appointment, called to-day upon Mr. Hopewell, and procured for him the honour of a private audience with the Queen. Her Majesty received him most graciously, and appeared to be much struck with the natural grace and ease of his manner, and the ingenuousness and simplicity of his character. Many anxious enquiries were made as to the state of the Episcopal Church in the States, and the Queen expressed herself much gratified at its extraordinary increase and

prosperity of late years. On his withdrawing, her Majesty presented him with a very beautiful snuff-box, having her initials on it set in brilliants, which she begged him to gratify her by accepting, as a token of respect for his many virtues, and of the pleasure she had derived from this interview with the only surviving colonist of the United States she had ever seen.

Of such an event as an introduction at Court, the tale is soon told. They are too short and too uniform to admit of incident, but they naturally suggest many reflections. On his return he said, "I have had the gratification to-day of being presented to the Queen of England. Her Majesty is the first and only monarch I have ever seen. How exalted is her station, how heavy her responsibilities, and how well are her duties performed! She is an incomparable woman, an obedient

daughter, an excellent wife, an exemplary mother, an indulgent mistress, and an intelligent and merciful Sovereign. The women of England have great reason to be thankful to God, for setting before them so bright an example for their imitation; and the men of England that their allegiance is due to a Queen, who reigns in the hearts and affections of the people. My own opinion is, that the descent of the sceptre to her Majesty, at the decease of the late King, was a special interposition of Providence, for the protection and safety of the empire. It was a time of great excitement. The Reformers, availing themselves of the turbulence of the lower orders whose passions they had inflamed, had, about that period, let loose the midnight incendiary to create a distress that did not exist, by destroying the harvests that were to feed the poor; had put the masses into

motion, and marched immense bodies of unemployed and seditious men through the large towns of the kingdom, in order to infuse terror and dismay through the land ; to break asunder the ties between landlord and tenant, master and servant, parishioner and rector, and subject and sovereign.

“ Ignorant and brutal as these people were, and furious and cruel as were their leaders, still they were men and Englishmen, and when they turned their eyes to their youthful sovereign, and their virgin Queen, her spotless purity, her sex, her personal helplessness, and her many virtues, touched the hearts of even these monsters ; while the knowledge that for *such a Queen*, millions of swords would leap from their scabbards, in every part of the empire, awakened their fears, and the wave of sedition rolled back again into the bosom of the deep, from which it had

been thrown up by Whiggery, Radicalism, and Agitation. Had there at that juncture been a Prince upon the throne, and that Prince unfortunately not been popular, there would in all probability have been a second royal martyr, and a Robespierre, or a Cromwell, would have substituted a reign of terror for the mild and merciful government of a constitutional and legitimate sovereign. The English people owe much to their Queen. The hereditary descent of the crown, the more we consider it, and the more experienced we become, is after all, Squire, the best, the safest, and the wisest mode possible of transmitting it.

“ Sam is always extolling the value of a knowledge of human nature. It is no doubt of great use to the philosopher, and the lawgiver ; but at last it is but the knowledge of the cunning man. The artful advocate, who plays upon the pre-

judices of a jury; the unprincipled politician, who addresses the passions of the vulgar; and the subtle courtier, who works upon the weaknesses and foibles of Princes, may pride themselves on their knowledge of human nature, but, in my opinion, the only knowledge necessary for man, in his intercourse with man, is written in a far different book—the Book of Life.

“ Now, as respects the subject we are talking of, an hereditary monarchy, I have often and often meditated on that beautiful parable, the first and the oldest, as well as one of the most striking, impressive, and instructive of all that are to be found in the Bible. It occurs in the ninth chapter of Judges. Abimelech, you may recollect, induced his kindred to prepare the way for his ascent to the throne by a most horrible massacre, using those affectionate words, that are ever found in

the mouths of all demagogues, for remember he said, 'I am *your* bone and *your* flesh.' His followers are designated in the Holy Record as 'vain and light persons,' who, when they accepted their bribe to commit that atrocious murder, said, *surely he is our brother*. Regicides and rebels use to this day the same alluring language; they call themselves 'the friends of the people,' and those that are vile enough to publish seditious tracts, and cowardly enough not to avow them, always subscribe themselves 'one of the People.' The perpetrators of this awful murder gave rise to the following parable:

" 'The trees went forth on a time to anoint a king over them, and they said unto the olive-tree, Reign thou over us.'

" 'But the olive-tree said unto them, Should I leave my fatness, wherewith by

me they honour God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees?’

“ ‘And the trees said to the fig-tree, Come thou and reign over us.’

“ ‘But the fig-tree said unto them, Should I forsake my sweetness, and my good fruit, and go to be promoted over the trees?’

“ ‘Then said the trees unto the vine, Come thou and reign over us.’

“ ‘And the vine said unto them, Should I leave my wine, which cheereth God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees?’

“ ‘Then said all the trees unto the bramble, Come thou and reign over us.’

“ ‘And the bramble said unto the trees, If in truth ye anoint me king over you, then come and put your trust in my shadow; if not, let fire come out of the bramble and devour the cedars of Lebanon.’”

“What a beautiful parable, and how ap-

plicable is it to all time and all ages. The olive, the fig, and the vine had their several duties to perform, and were unwilling to assume those for which nature had not designed them. They were restrained alike by their modesty and their strong sense of rectitude.

“But the worthless bramble, the poorest and the meanest plant in the forest, with the presumptuous vanity so peculiar to weak and vulgar men, caught at once at the offer, and said, ‘Anoint me your king, and repose in my shadow ;’ and then, with the horrible denunciations which are usually uttered by these low-bred tyrants, said, ‘if not, let fire issue from me and destroy all the noble cedars of Lebanon.’

“The shadow of a bramble !!—How eloquent is this vain-glorious boast, of a thing so humble, so naked of foliage, so pervious to the sun, as a bramble !!—of one, too, so armed, and so constituted by nature, as

to destroy the fleece and lacerate the flesh of all animals incautious enough to approach it. As it was with the trees of the forest, to whom the option was offered to elect a king, so it is with us in the States to this day, in the choice of our chief magistrate. The olive, the fig, and the vine decline the honour. Content to remain in the sphere in which Providence has placed them, performing their several duties in a way creditable to themselves and useful to the public, they prefer pursuing the even tenour of their way to being transplanted into the barren soil of politics, where a poisonous atmosphere engenders a feeble circulation, and a sour and deteriorated fruit. The brambles alone contend for the prize; and how often are the stately cedars destroyed to make room for those worthless pretenders. Republicanism has caused our country to be over-run by brambles. The Reform Bill

has greatly increased them in England, and responsible government has multiplied them ten-fold in the colonies. May the offer of a crown never be made to one here, but may it descend, through all time, to the lawful heirs and descendants of this noble Queen.

“ What a glorious spectacle is now presented in London—the Queen, the Nobles, and the Commons, assembling at their appointed time, aided by the wisdom, sanctified by the prayers, and honored by the presence, of the prelates of the Church, to deliberate for the benefit of this vast empire ! What a union of rank, of wealth, of talent, of piety, of justice, of benevolence, and of all that is good and great, is to be found in this national council. The world is not able to shake an empire whose foundation is laid like that of England. But treason may undermine what force dare not assault. The strength of this nation lies in

the union of the Church with the State. To sever this connection, then, is the object of all the evil-disposed in the realm, for they are well aware that the sceptre will fall with the ruin of the altar. The brambles may then, as in days of old, have the offer of power. What will precede, and what will follow, such an event, we all full well know. All Holy Scripture was written, we are informed, ‘that we might read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest it;’ and we are told therein that such an offer was not made in the instance alluded to till the way was prepared for it by the murder of all those lawfully entitled to the throne, and that it was followed by the most fearful denunciations against all the aristocracy of the land. The *brambles* then, as now, were *levellers*: the tall cedars were objects of their hatred.

“It is a holy and blessed union. Wordsworth, whom, as a child of nature I love,

has beautifully expressed my ideas on this subject :—

“ Hail to the crown by Freedom shaped to gird
An English sovereign's brow ! and to the throne
Whereon *she* sits ! whose deep foundations lie
In veneration and the people's love ;
Whose steps are equity, whose seat is law.
Hail to the State of England ! And conjoin
With this a salutation as devout,
Made to the spiritual fabric of her Church,
Founded in truth ; by blood of Martyrdom
Cemented ; by the hands of Wisdom reared
In beauty of holiness, with ordered pomp,
Decent and unproved. The voice that greets
The majesty of both, shall pray for both ;
That mutually protected and sustained,
They may endure as long as sea surrounds
This favoured land, or sunshine warms her soil.”

After repeating these verses, to which he gave great effect, he slowly rose from his seat—drew himself up to his full height—and lifted up both his hands in a manner so impressive as to bring me at once upon my feet. I shall ever retain a most vivid recollection of the scene. His tall erect figure, his long white hair de-

scending on his collar, his noble forehead and intelligent and benevolent countenance, and the devout and earnest expression of his face, was truly Apostolical. His attitude and manner, as I have before observed, caused me involuntarily to rise, when he gave vent to his feelings in those words, so familiar to the ear and so dear to the heart of every churchman, that I cannot deny myself the satisfaction of transcribing them, for the benefit of those whose dissent precludes them from the honor, and the gratification of constantly uniting with us in their use:—

“ ‘Almighty God, whose kingdom is everlasting and power infinite, have mercy upon the whole Church, and so rule the heart of thy chosen servant, Victoria, Queen and Governor, of England, that she, *knowing whose minister she is*, may, above all things, seek thy honor and glory, and that all her subjects, *duly considering whose*

authority she hath, may faithfully serve, honor, and humbly obey her, in thee, and for thee, according to thy blessed word and ordinance.—Amen.’ ”

CHAPTER VI.

SMALL TALK.

“SQUIRE,” said Mr. Slick, “I am a-goin’ to dine with Palm— Lord Palmerston, I mean, to-day, and arter that I ’me for a grand let off to Belgrave Square,” and then throwing himself into a chair, he said, with an air of languor, “these people will actually kill me with kindness ; I feel e’en a’most used up,—I want rest, for I am up to the elbows,—I wish you was a-going too, I must say, for I should like to shew you high life, but, unfortunately, you are a colonist. The British look down upon you as much as we look down

upon them, so that you are not so tall as them, and a shocking sight shorter than us. —Lord, I wonder you keep your temper sometimes, when you get them compliments I 've heerd paid you by the Whigs 'We 'd be better without you by a long chalk,' they say, 'the colonies cost more than they are worth. They only sarve to involve us in disputes, and all such scornny talk; and then to see you coolly sayin', Great Britain without her colonies would be a mere trunk without arms or legs, and then cypherin' away at figures, to show 'em they are wrong, instead of givin' 'em back as good as they send, or up foot and let 'em have it; and this I will say for the Tories, I have never heer'd them talk such everlastin' impudent nonsense, that 's a fact, but the Whigs is —— Whigs, I tell you. But to get back to these parties, if you would let me or your colonial minister introduce

you to society, I would give you some hints that would be useful to you, for I have made high life a study, and my knowledge of human natur' and soft sawder has helped me amazingly. I know the ins and outs of life from the palace to the log hut. And I'll tell you now what I call general rules for society. First, It aint one man in a hundred knows any subject thorough, and if he does, it aint one time in a thousand he has an opportunity, or knows how to avail it. Secondly, a smatterin' is better nor deeper knowledge for society, for one is small talk, and the other is lecturin'. Thirdly, pretendin' to know, is half the time as good as knowin', if pretendin' is done by a man of the world cutely. Fourthly, If any crittur axes you if you have been here or there, or know this one or that one, or seen this sight, or t'other sight, always say yes, if you can without lyin',

and then turn right short round to him, and say 'What's your opinion on it? I should like to hear your views, for they are always so original.' That saves you makin' a fool of yourself by talking nonsense, for one thing, and when a room aint overly well furnished, it's best to keep the blinds down in a general way; and it tickles his vanity, and that's another thing. Most folks like the sound of their own voices better nor other peoples', and every one thinks a good listener and a good laugh, the pleasantest crittur in the world. Fifthly, lead where you know, when you don't, foller, but soft sawder always. Sixthly, never get cross in society, especially where the gals are, but bite in your breath, and swaller all down. When women is by, fend off with fun; when it's only men, give 'em a taste of your breed, delicately like, jist hintin' in a way they can't mistake, for a nod is

as good as a wink to a blind horse. Oncet or twice here to London, I've had the rig run on me, and our great nation, among men till I couldn't stand it no longer. Well, what does I do,—why, instead of breakin' out into a uprorious passion, I jist work round, and work round, to turn the talk a little, so as to get a chance to give 'em a guess what sort of iron I'm made of, and how I'm tempered, by sayin' naterally and accidentally like, 'I was in Scotland the other day goin' from Kelso to Edinboro'. There was a good many men folk on the top of the coach, and as I didn't know one, I jist outs with a cigar, and begins to smoke away all to myself, for company like. Well, one feller began grumblin' and growlin' about smokin', how ongenteel it was, and what a nuisance it was, and so on, and all that, and more too, and then looked right strait at me,

and said it hadn't ought to be allowed. Well, I jist took a squint round, and as I seed there was no women folks present—for if there had a-been I'd a-throwed it right away in a minit—but as there warn't, I jist smoked on, folded my arms, and said nothin'. At last the crittur, findin' others agreed with him, and that I didn't give lip, spunks up to me, bullyin' like, and sais, 'What would you think, sir,' sais he, 'if I was to pull that cigar from your mouth and throw it right down on the ground.' 'I'll tell you,' sais I, quite cool, 'what I'd think, and that is, that it would be most partekilarly d—d odd if you didn't touch ground before the cigar. Try it,' sais I, puttin' my head forward so he might take it, 'and I'll bet you five pounds you are off the coach before the cigar.' I gave the feller but one look, and that was wicked enough to kill the coon, and skin him too. It

cut his comb, you may depend ; he hauled in his horns, mumbled a leetle, and then sat as silent as a pine stump, and looked as small as if he was screwed into an augur hole. Arter tellin' of this story I jist add, with a smile, 'Since the Judges have given out here they intend to hang for duellin', some folks think they can be rude ; but it never troubles me. I'me a good-natered man, and always was. I never could carry malice till next day since I was born, so I punish on the spot.' A leetle anecdote like that, with a delicate elegant leetle hint to the eend on 't, stops impudence in a minit. Yes, that's a great rule, never get cross in society ; It tante considered good breedin'.

“ Now as for small change in society, you know, Squire, I aint a deep larned man, but I know a leetle of everything, a'most, and I try to have a curious fact in each, and that is my stock to trade

with. Fust thing in company is dress, no man can pass muster unless he is fust chop in that. Hat, gloves, shoes, from Paris; cloths from Stultz, and so on, and then your outer man is as good as Count Dorsy's. Second thing is talk. Now suppose I call on a lady, and see her at rug-work, or worsteds, or whatever you call it. Well, I take it up, coolly, and say, this is very beautiful, and very difficult, too, for that is the double cross stich with a half slant, and then suggest about tent stich, satin stich, and so on; but above all I swear her stich is the best in the world, whatever it is, and she looks all struck up of a heap, as much as to say where on airth did you larn all that. 'And where did you larn it?' I said in some surprise.' 'From mother,' she replied. When she was a gal rug-work was all the edication female women had, besides house-keepin', so in course she

talked for ever of the double cross stich, with the half slant, the fine fern stich, the finny stich, the brave bred stich, the smarting whip stich, and the Lord knows how many stiches; and it's a pity they hadn't a stich to it, Squire, for one half on 'em have had all their natur' druv out of them and no art put into them, 'xcept the art of talking, and acting like fools. *I like natur' myself, and always did, but if we are so cussed fashionable, we must put a dress of our own on it, for goodness gracious sake, let it be somethin' transparent, that we may get a little peep through it sometimes, at any rate.*

“ Well, then, sposin' its picturs that's on the carpet, wait till you hear the name of the painter. If it is Rupees, or any one of the old ones,”—“ Rubens you mean,” I said.—“ Oh, yes; cuss that word, I seldom use it,” he replied, “ for I am sure to make that mistake, and therefore I let

others pronounce it fust. If its Rubens, or any o' them old boys, praise, for its agin the law to doubt them; but if its a new man, and the company aint most special judges, criticise. A leetle out of keepin,' sais you, he don't use his greys enough, nor glaze down well; that shadder wants depth; ginerall effect is good, tho' parts aint; those eyebrows are heavy enough for stucco, says you, and other unmeanin' terms like them. It will pass, I tell you, your opinion will be thought great. Them that judged the Cartoon, at Westminster Hall, knew plaguy little more nor that. But if there is a portrait of the lady of the house hangin' up, and its at all like enough to make it out, stop,—gaze on it—walk back—close your fingers like a spy-glass, and look thro' em amazed like,—enchanted—chained to the spot. Then utter, unconscious like, 'that's a'most a beautiful pictur';—by Heavens

that's a speakin' portrait. Its well painted, too; but, whoever the artist is, he is an on-principled man.' 'Good gracious,' she'll say, how so?' 'Because, Madam, he has not done you justice, he pretends to have a conscience, and says he wont flatter. The cantin' rascal knew he could not add a charm to that face if he was to try, and has, therefore, basely robbed your countenance to put it on to *his* character. Out on such a villain, sais you. 'Oh, Mr. Slick,' she'll say, blushin,' but lookin' horrid pleased all the time, 'what a shame it is to be so severe, and, besides, you are not just, for I am afeerd to exhibit it, it is so flattered.' 'Flattered!' sais you, turnin' round, and lookin' at her, with your whole soul in your face, all admiration like :—'flattered! — impossible, Madam.' And then turn short off, and say to yourself aloud, 'Heavens, how unconscious she is of her own power !'

“ Well, sposin’ its roses ; get hold of a moss-rose tree, and say, ‘ these bushes send up few suckers ; I’ll tell you how to propagate ’em :—Lay a root bare ; insert the blade of a penknife lengthwise, and then put a small peg into the slit, and cover all up again, and it will give you a new shoot there.’ ‘ Indeed,’ she’ll say, ‘ that’s worth knowin.’ Well, if its annuals, say, ‘ mix saw-dust with the airth and they’ll come double, and be of a better color.’ ‘ Dear me!’ she’ll say, ‘ I didn’t know that.’ Or if its a tree-rose, say, ‘ put a silver-skinned onion to its roots, and it will increase the flavor of the roses, without given out the leastest mossel in the world of its own.’ Or if its a tulip, ‘ run a needleful of yarn thro’ the bulb, to variegate it, or some such little information as that.’ Oh! its a great thing to have a gineral little assortment, if its only one thing of a kind, so that if its called for, you needn’t send your

friend to another shop for it. There is nothin' like savin' a customer where you can. In small places they can sound your depth, and tell whether you are a deep nine, or a quarterless six, as easy as nothin'; but here they can't do any such a thing, for circles are too large, and that's the beauty of London. You don't always meet the same people here, and, in course, can use the same stories over and over agin', and not ear-wig folks; nothin' is so bad as tellin' the same story twice. Now that's the way the methodists do. They divide the country into circuits, and keep their preachers a movin' from place to place. Well, each one has three or four crack sermons. He puts them into his portmanter, gallops into a town, all ready cocked and primed, fires them off, and then travels on, afore he is guaged and his measure took; and the folks say what a'most a grand preacher

that is, what a pleasin' man he is, and the next man fust charms, and then breaks their hearts by goin' away agin'. The methodists are actilly the most broken-hearted people I ever see. They are doomed for ever to be partin' with the cleverest men, the best preachers, and the dearest friends in the world. I actilly pity them. Well, these little things must be attended to; colored note-paper, filagreed envelopes, with musk inside and gold wafer outside: delicate, refined, and uppercrust. Some fashionable people don't use those things, and laugh at them little finikin forms. New men, and, above all, colony men, that's only half way between an African and a white man can't. *I* could but *you* couldn't, that's the difference. Yes, Squire, these are rules worth knowin', they are founded on experience, and experience tells me, that fashionable people, all the world over, are, for the most part, as

soft as dough ; throw 'em agin' the wall and they actilly stick, they are so soft. But, soft as they be, they won't stick to you if you don't attend to these rules, and, above all things, lay in a good stock of *soft sawder*, and *small talk*."

CHAPTER VII.

WHITE BAIT.

“ I HAVE been looking about all the mornin’ for you, Squire,” said Mr. Slick, “ where on airth have you packed yourself? We are a goin’ to make up a party to Blackwall, and eat white bait, and we want you to go along with us. I’ll tell you what sot me on the notion. As I was a browsin’ about the park this forenoon, who should I meet but Euclid Hogg of Nahant. ‘ Why, Slick,’ says he, ‘ how do you do? it’s a month of sundays a’most since I’ve seed you, sposin’ we make a day of it, and go to Greenwich or Blackwall; I want to hear you

talk, and that's better nor your books at any time.' 'Well,' says I, 'I don't care if I do go, if Minister will, for you know he is here, and so is father, too.' 'Your father!' said he, a-startin' back—'your father! Land of Goshen! what can you do with *him*?' and his eyes stood still, and looked inward, as if reflecting, and a smile shot right across his cheek, and settled down in the corner of his mouth, sly, funny, and wicked. Oh! how it cut me to the heart, for I knowed what was a passin' in his mind, and if he had a let it pass out, I would have knocked him down—I would, I sware. 'Your father!' said he. 'Yes,' sais I, 'my father, have you any objections, sir?' sais I, a-clinchin' of my fist to let him have it. 'Oh don't talk that way, Sam,' said he, 'that's a good feller, I didn't mean to say nothin' offensive, I was only a thinkin' what under the sun fetched him here, and that

he must be considerable in your way, that's all. If repeatin' his name after that fashion hurt you, why I feel as ugly about it as you do, and beg your pardon, that's all.' Well, nothin' mollifies me like soft words; so says I, 'It was me that was wrong, and I am sorry for it; come let's go and start the old folks.' 'That's right,' says he, 'which shall it be, Greenwich or Blackwall?' 'Blackwall,' says I, 'for we have been to t' other one.' 'So it shall be, old feller,' said he, 'we'll go to Lovegrove's and have white bait.' 'White bait,' says I, 'what's that, is it gals? for they are the best bait I know on.' Well, I thought the crittur would have gone into fits, he larfed so. 'Well, you do beat all, Sam,' said he; 'what a droll feller you be! White bait! well that's capital—I don't think it would have raised the idea of gals in any other soul's head but your own, I vow.' I

knowed well enough what was a-drivin' at, for in course a man in fashionable life, like me, had eat white bait dinners, and drank iced punch, often and often, tho' I must say I never tasted them any where but on that part of the Thames, and a'most a grand dish it is too, there aint nothin' equal to it hardly. Well, when Euclid had done larfin', says I, 'I'll tell you what put it into my head. When I was last to Nova Scotia, on the Guelph shore, I put up to a farmer's house there, one Gabriel Gab's. All the folks was a haulin' in fish, hand over hand, like anything. The nets were actilly ready to break with mackerel, for they were chock full, that 's a fact. It was a good sight for sore eyes, I tell you, to see the poor people catchin' dollars that way, for a good haul is like fishin' up money, it 's so profitable.—Fact I assure you. 'So,' says I, 'uncle Gabe Gab,' says I, 'what a'most

a grand haul of fish you have.' 'Oh, Mr. Slick!' sais he, and he turned up the whites of his eyes handsum, 'oh!' said he, (and he looked good enough to eat a'most) 'oh, Mr. Slick! I'me a fisher of men, and not a fisher of fish.' Well it made me mad, for nothin' ryles me so like cant, and the crittur was actilly too infarnal lazy to work, and had took to strollin' preachin' for a livin.' 'I'me a fisher of men and not a fisher of fish,' says he. 'Are you?' sais I. 'Then you ought to be the most fortunate one in these diggins, I know.' 'How so?' said he. 'Why,' sais I, 'no soul ever fished for men that had his hook sot with such beautiful bait as yours,' a-pinetin' to his three splendoriferous gals. Lord, how the young heifers screamed, and larfed, and tee-heed, for they was the rompinest, forredest, tormentenest, wildest, devils ever you see. It's curous, Squire, aint it? But a hy-

pocrite father like Gabe Gab is sure to have rollickin' frolickin' children. They, do well enough when in sight ; but out of that, they beat all natur'. Takin' off restraint is like takin' off the harness of a hoss ; how they race about the field, squeel, roll over and over on the grass, and kick up their heels, don't they ? Gabe Gab's darters were proper sly ones, and up to all sorts of mischief when his back was turned. I never seed them I didn't think of the old song,—

‘ The darter of a fisherman,
That was so tall and slim,
Lived over on the other side,
Just opposite to him.
He saw her wave her handkercher,
As much as for to say,
It 's grand time for courtin' now,
For daddy 's gone away.’

Yes, hypocrisy his enlisted more folks for old Scratch than any recruitin' sergeant he has, that 's a fact. But to get back to

the white bait, we went and roused out old Minister and father, but father said he had most special business (tho' what onder the sun he is arter, I can't make out for the life of me,) and Minister said he wouldn't go without you, and now it's too late for to-day. So what do say to to-morrow, Squire? Will you go? That's right; then we'll all go to-morrow, and I'll shew you what '*white bait*' is."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CURLING WAVE AND THE OLD OAK TREE.

ACCORDING to the arrangements made, as related in the last chapter, we went to Blackwall. Upon these excursions, when we all travelled together, I always ordered private apartments, that the conversation might be unrestrained, and that the freedom of remark, in which we indulged, might neither attract attention nor give offence. Orders having been given for "white bait," Mr. Slick and his father walked into the garden, while the "Minister" and myself were engaged in conversation on various topics suggested by the moving scene presented by the river.

Among other things, he pointed to the beautiful pile of buildings on the opposite side of the Thames, and eulogised the munificent provision England had made for the infirmities and old age of those whose lives had been spent in the service of the country. "That palace, sir," he said, "for disabled sailors, and the other, at Chelsea, for decrepid soldiers, splendid as they are, if they were the only charitable institutions of England, might perhaps be said to have had their origin, rather in state policy, than national liberality ; but fortunately they are only part of an universal system of benevolence here. Turn which way you will, you find Orphan Asylums, Magdalen Hospitals, Charity Schools, Bedlams, places of refuge for the blind, the deaf, the dumb, the deformed, the destitute, for families reduced by misfortune, and for those whom crime or profligacy have punished with infamy or disease. For

all classes of sufferers charity has provided a home, and kindness a nurse, while funds have been liberally bestowed to encourage talent, and educate, promote, and reward merit.

“The amount of capital, permanently invested and annually supplied by voluntary contribution, for those objects, is almost incredible. What are the people who have done all this? and whence does it flow? They are Christians, sir. It is the fruit of their religion; and as no other country in the world can exhibit such a noble spectacle—so pleasing to God, and so instructive and honourable to man, it is fair to infer that that religion is better taught, better understood, and better exemplified here than elsewhere. You shall know a tree by its productions, and this is the glorious fruit of the Church of England.

“Liberals and infidels may ridicule its

connexion with the State, and Dissenters may point to the Bench of Bishops, and ask with ignorant effrontery, whether their usefulness is commensurate with their expense. I point to their own establishments and say, let their condition and their effects be your answer. I point to Owen and Irvin, whom they impiously call their apostles, and while declining a comparison, repose myself under the shadow of the venerable hierarchy of the Church. The spires and hospitals and colleges so diffusely spread over this great country, testify in its behalf. The great Episcopal Church of America raises its voice in the defence and praise of its parent ; and the colonies of the east and the west, and the north and the south, and the heathen everywhere, implore the blessing of God on a Church, to whose liberality alone they owe the means of grace they now possess. But this is not all. When asked

where do you find a justification for this connexion, the answer is short and plain, *I find it written in the character of an Englishman.* With all his faults of manner, Squire, (and it is his manner that is chiefly reprehensible, not his conduct,) shew me a foreigner from any nation in the world, under any other form of Church government, whose character stands so high as *an Englishman's*. How much of greatness and goodness—of liberality, and of sterling worth, is conveyed by that one word. And yet, Squire,” he said, “I would not attribute all the elements of his character to his Church, although all the most valuable ones unquestionably must be ascribed to it; for some of them are to be traced to the political institutions of England. There are three things that mould and modify national character—the religion—the constitution—and the climate of a country. There are those who

murmur against their God, and would improve their climate if they could, but this is impious ; and there are those who would overthrow the altar and the throne, in their reckless thirst for change, and this also is wicked. Avoid the contamination of both.

“ May man support the Church of God as here established, for it is the best that is known to the human race ; and may God preserve and prosper the constitution as here formed, for it is the perfection of human wisdom.”

He then took up his chair, and placing it directly in front of the open window, rested his head on his hands, and seemed to be absorbed in some speculation. He continued in this state of abstraction for some time. I never disturbed him when I saw him in these meditating moods, as I knew that he sought them either as a refuge, or as a resource for the supply of conversation.

He was soon doomed, however, to be interrupted by Mr. Slick, who, returning with his father, at once walked up to him, and, tapping him on the shoulder, said, "Come, Minister, what do you say to the white bait now? I'm getting considerable peckish, and feel as if I could tuck it in in good style. A slice of nice brown bread and butter, the white bait fried dry and crisp, jist laid a-top of it, like the naked truth, the leastest mossel in the world of cayenne, and then a squeeze of a lemon, as delicate as the squeeze of a gal's hand in courting time, and lick! it goes down as slick as a rifle-ball; it fairly makes my mouth water! And then arter laying in a solid foundation of that, there's a glass of lignum-vity for me, a bottle of genuine old cider for you and father, and another of champagne for Squire and me to top off with, and then a cigar all round, and up killock and off for London. Come,

Minister, what do you say? Why, what in airth ails him, Squire, that he don't answer? He's off the handle again as sure as a gun. Come, Minister," he said again, tapping him on the shoulder, "won't you rise to my hook, it's got white bait to the eend on't?"

"Oh!" said he, "is that you Sam?"

"Sartain," he replied, "at least what's left of me. What under the sun have you been a thinkin' on so everlastin' deep? I've been a-standin' talking to you here these ten minits, and I believe, in my soul, you havn't heerd one blessed word."

"I'll tell you Sam," he said, "sit down on this chair. Do you see that 'curling wave?' behold it how it emerges out of the mass of water, increases as it rolls on, rises to a head, and then curls over, and sinks again into the great flood from which it was forced up, and vanishes from

sight for ever. That is an emblem of a public man in America. Society there has no permanency, and therefore wants not only the high polish that the attrition of several generations gives, but one of the greatest stimulants and incentives to action next to religion that we know of—pride of name, and the honor of an old family. Now don't interrupt me, Sam ; I don't mean to say that we haven't polished men, and honorable men, in abundance. I am not a man to undervalue my countrymen ; but then I am not so weak as you and many others are, as to claim all the advantages of a republic, and deny that we have the unavoidable attendant evils of one. Don't interrupt me. I am now merely stating one of the effects of political institutions on character. We have enough to boast of ; don't let us claim all, or we shall have everything disputed. With us a low

family amasses wealth, and educates its sons; one of them has talent, and becomes a great public character. He lives on his patrimony, and spends it; for, politics with us, though they may make a man distinguished, never make him rich. He acquires a great name that becomes known all over America, and is everywhere recognized in Europe. He dies and leaves some poor children, who sink under the surface of society from which he accidentally arose, and are never more heard of again. The pride of his name is lost after the first generation, and the authenticity of descent is disputed in the second. Had our institutions permitted his perpetuating his name by an entailment of his estate (which they do not and cannot allow), he would have preserved his property during his life, and there would have arisen among his descendants, in a few years, the pride of

name—that pride which is so anxious for the preservation of the purity of its escutcheon, and which generates, in process of time, a high sense of honor. We lose by this equality of ours a great stimulant to virtuous actions. Now look at that oak, it is the growth of past ages. Queen Elizabeth looked upon it as we now do. Race after race have beheld it, and passed away. They are gone, and most of them are forgotten ; but there is that noble tree, so deep rooted, that storms and tempests cannot move it. So strong and so sound, that ages seem rather to have increased its solidity than impaired its health. That is an emblem of the hereditary class in England—permanent, useful, and oramental ; it graces the landscape, and affords shelter and protection under its umbrageous branches.”

“ And pysons all the grain onderneath it,” said Mr. Slick, “ and stops the plough

in the furror, and spiles the ridges; and attracts the lightening, and kills the cattle that run under it from the storm."

"The cattle, Sam," he mildly replied, "sometimes attract the lightning that rends the branches. The tree does not destroy the grass beneath its shelter; but nature, while it refuses to produce both in one spot, increases the quantity of grain that is grown at a distance, in consequence of the protection it enjoys against the wind. Thus, while the cultivation of the soil affords nurture for the tree, and increases its size, the shelter of the tree protects the grain. What a picture of a nobleman and his tenants! What a type of the political world is to be found here in the visible objects of nature! Here a man rises into a great public character—is ennobled, founds a family, and his posterity, in time feel they have the honor of several generations of ancestors in their

keeping, and that if they cannot increase, they must at least not tarnish, the lustre of their name. What an incentive to virtuous action ! What an antidote to dishonor ! But here is the white bait ; after dinner we will again discourse of the *Curling Wave* and *The Old Oak Tree*.”

CHAPTER IX.

NATIONAL CHARACTER.

AFTER dinner Mr. Hopewell resumed the conversation referred to in the last chapter. "I observed to you just now, Squire, that there were three things that moulded national character; climate, political institutions, and religion. These are curious speculations, my children, and well worthy of study, for we are too apt in this world to mistake effect for cause. Look at the operation of climate on an Englishman. The cloudy sky and humid atmosphere in this country renders him phlegmatic, while the uncertain and vari-

able weather, by constantly driving him to shelter, induces him to render that shelter as commodious and agreeable as possible. Hence *home* is predominant with him. Operating on all his household equally with himself, the weather unites all in the *family circle*. Hence his *domestic virtues*. Restricted by these circumstances, over which he has no control, to his own fireside, and constitutionally phlegmatic, as I have just observed, he becomes, from the force of habit, unwilling to enlarge or to leave that circle. Hence a *reserve* and *coldness of manner* towards strangers, too often mistaken for the *pride* of home or purse. His habits are necessarily those of business. The weather is neither too hot for exertion, nor too cold for exposure, but such as to require a comfortable house, abundance of fuel, and warm clothing. His wants are numerous, and his exertions must

correspond to them. He is, therefore, both *industrious and frugal*. Cross the channel, and a sunny sky produces the reverse. You have a volatile excitable Frenchman; he has no place that deserves the name of a home. He lives in the gardens, the fields, in the public houses, and the theatres. It is no inconvenience to him to know all the world. He has all these places of public resort to meet his acquaintances in, and they meet on equal terms. The climate is such as to admit of light clothing, and slight shelter; food is cheap, and but little more fuel is required than what suffices to dress it; but little exertion is requisite, therefore, to procure the necessaries of life, and he is an idle, thoughtless, merry fellow. So much for climate, now for political institutions that affect character.

“ I need only advert to the form of

this government, a limited monarchy, which is without doubt the best that human wisdom has yet discovered, or that accidental circumstances have ever conspired to form. Where it is absolute, there can be no freedom; where it is limited, there can be no tyranny. The regal power here (notwithstanding our dread of royalty), varies very little from what is found in the United States conducive to the public good, to delegate to the President. In one case the sceptre is inherited and held for life, in the other it is bestowed by election, and its tenure terminates in four years. Our upper legislative assembly is elective, and resembles a large lake into which numerous and copious streams are constantly pouring, and from which others of equal size are perpetually issuing. The President, the Senators, and the Representatives, though differently chosen, all belong to

one class ; and are in no way distinguishable one from the other. The second branch of the legislature in England is composed of nobility, men distinguished alike for their learning, their accomplishments, their high honour, enormous wealth, munificence, and all those things that constitute, in the opinion of the world, greatness. The Queen, then, and all the various orders of nobility, are not only in reality above all others, but it is freely, fully, and cheerfully conceded that they are so.

“ With us all religions are merely tolerated, as a sort of necessary evil ; no one church is fostered, protected, or adopted by the State. Here they have incorporated one with the State, and given the name of the kingdom to it, to distinguish it from all others—the Church of England. Excuse my mentioning these truisms to you, but it is necessary to allude

to them, not for the purpose of instruction, for no one needs that, but to explain their effect on character. Here then are permanent orders and fixed institutions, and here is a regular well-defined gradation of rank, from the sovereign on the throne to the country squire; known to all, acknowledged by all, and approved of by all. This political stability necessarily imparts stability to the character, and the court and the peerage naturally infuse through society, by the unavoidable influence of the models they present, a high sense of honour, elegance of manners, and great dignity of character and conduct. An English gentleman, therefore, is kind and considerate to his inferiors, affable to his equals, and respectful (not obsequious, for servility belongs to an absolute, and not a limited monarchy, and is begotten of power not of right,) to his superiors. What is the case where there are no

superiors and no inferiors? Where all strive to be first and none are admitted to be so; where the law, in direct opposition to all nature, has declared those to be equal who are as unequal in their talents as they are in their stature, and as dissimilar in their characters as they are in their pecuniary means? In such a case the tone may be called *an average one*, but what must the average of the masses be in intelligence, in morals, in civilization? to use another mercantile phrase, it must inevitably be '*below par*.' All these things are elements in the formation of character, whether national or individual. There is great manliness, great sincerity, great integrity, and a great sense of propriety in England, arising from the causes I have enumerated. One extraordinary proof of the wholesome state of the public mind here is, the condition of the press.

“ By the law of the land, the liberty of the press is here secured to the subject. He has a right to use it, he is punishable only for its abuse. You would naturally suppose, that the same liberty of the press in England and America, or in Great Britain and Russia, would produce the same effect, but this is by no means the case. Here it is safe, but no where else, not even in the Colonies. Here a Court, an Established Church, a peerage, an aristocracy, a gentry, a large army and navy, and last, though not least, an intelligent, moral, and highly respectable middle class, all united by one common interest, though they have severally a distinct sphere, and are more or less connected by ties of various kinds, constitute so large, so powerful, and so influential a body, that the press is restrained. It may talk boldly, but it cannot talk licentiously ; it may talk freely,

but not seditiously. *The good feeling of the country is too strong.* The law of itself is everywhere unequal to the task. There are some liberal papers of a most demoralising character, but they are the exceptions that serve to show how safe it is to entrust Englishmen with this most valuable but most dangerous engine. In France these checks, though nominally the same, scarcely exist. To the great body of the people a different tone is acceptable. *The bad feeling of the country is too strong.*

“ In the United States and in the Colonies these checks are also wanting. Here a newspaper is often a joint-stock property. It is worth thousands of pounds. It is edited by men of collegiate education, and first-rate talents. It sometimes reflects, and sometimes acts, upon the opinions of the higher classes. To accomplish this, its tone must be equal, and its abi-

lity, if possible, superior to that of its patrons. In America, a bunch of quills and a quire of paper, with the promise of a grocer to give his advertisements for insertion, is all that is necessary to start a newspaper upon. The checks I have spoken of are wanting. This I know to be the case with us, and I am certain your experience of colonial affairs will confirm my assertion that it is the case in the provinces also. Take up almost any (I won't say all, because that would be a gross libel on both my country and yours); but take up almost any transatlantic newspaper, and how much of personality, of imputation, of insolence, of agitation, of pandering to bad passions, is there to regret in it? *The good feeling of the country is not strong enough for it.* Here it is safe. With us it is safer than in any other place perhaps, but from a totally different cause,—from the enormous number that

are published, which limits the circulation of each, distracts rather than directs opinion, and renders unity of design as well as unity of action impossible. Where a few papers are the organs of the public, the public makes itself heard and understood. Where thousands are claiming attention at the same time, all are confounded, and in a manner disregarded. But to leave illustrations, Squire, which are endless, let us consider the effect of religion in the formation of character.

“The Christian religion is essentially the same everywhere; but the form of Church government, and the persons by whom it is administered, modify national character in a manner altogether incredible to those who have not traced these things up to their source, and down to their consequences. Now, it will startle you no doubt when I say, only tell me the class of persons that the clergy of a country are taken

from, and I will tell you at once the stage of refinement it is in.

“ In England the clergy are taken from the gentry, some few from the nobility, and some few from the humbler walks of life, but mainly from the gentry. *The clergy of the Church of England are gentlemen and scholars.* What an immense advantage that is to a country ! What an element it forms in the refinement of a nation ! when a high sense of honor is superadded to the obligation of religion. France, before the Revolution, had a most learned and accomplished clergy of gentry, and the high state of civilization of the people testified to their influence. In the Revolution the altar was overturned with the throne—the priesthood was dispersed, and society received its tone from a plebeian army. What a change has since come over the nation. It assumed an entirely new character. Some little improve-

ment has taken place of late ; but years must pass away before France can recover the loss it sustained in the long continued absence of its amiable and enlightened hierarchy. A mild, tolerant, charitable, gentle, humble, creed like that of a Christian, should be taught and exemplified by a gentleman ; for nearly all his attributes are those of a Christian. This is not theory. An Englishman is himself a practical example of the benefits resulting from the union between the Church and the State, and the clergy and the gentry.

“ Take a country, where the small farmers furnish the ministers. The people may be moral, but they are not refined ; they may be honest, but they are hard ; they may have education, but they are coarse and vulgar. Go lower down in the scale, and take them from the peasantry. Education will not eradicate their prejudices, or remove their vulgar errors. They

have too many feelings and passions in common with the ignorant associates of their youth, to teach those, from whom they are in no way distinguished but by a little smattering of languages. While they deprecate the æra of darkness, their conversation, unknown to themselves, fans the flame because their early training has made them regard their imaginary grievances as real ones, and induce them to bestow their sympathy where they should give their counsel—or to give their counsel where they should interpose their authority. A thoroughly low-bred ignorant clergy is a sure indication of the ignorance and degradation of a nation. What a dreadful thing it is when any man can preach, and when any one that preaches, as in Independent or Colonial America, can procure hearers; where no training, no learning is required,—where the voice of vanity, or laziness, is often mistaken for

a sacred call,—where an ignorant volubility is dignified with the name of inspiration,—where pandering to prejudices is popular, and where popular preaching is lucrative ! How deleterious must be the effect of such a state of things on the public mind.

“ It is easy for us to say, this constitution or that constitution is the perfection of reason. We boast of ours that it confers equal rights on all, and exclusive privileges on none, and so on ; but there are other things besides rights in the world. In our government we surrender certain rights for the protection yielded by government, and no more than is necessary for this purpose ; but there are some important things besides protection. In England they yield more to obtain more. Some concession is made to have an hereditary throne, that the country may not be torn to pieces, as ours is every five years,

by contending parties, for the office of chief magistrate; or that the nation, like Rome of old, may not be at the mercy of the legions. Some concession is made to have the advantage of an hereditary peerage, that may repress the power of the crown on one side, and popular aggressions on the other;—and further concession is made to secure the blessings of an Established Church, that the people may not be left to themselves to become the prey of furious fanatics like Cromwell, or murderous infidels like Robespierre; and that superstitious zeal and philosophical indifference may alike be excluded from the temple of the Lord. What is the result of all this concession that Whigs call expensive machinery, Radicals the ignorant blunders of our poor old forefathers, and your wholesale Reformers the rapacity of might. What is the result? Such a moral, social, and political state, as nothing but

the goodness of God could have conferred upon the people in reward for their many virtues. With such a climate—such a constitution, and such a church, is it any wonder that the national character stands so high that, to insure respect in any part of the world, it is only necessary to say, ‘I am an Englishman.’ ”

CHAPTER X.

THE PULPIT AND THE PRESS.

It was late when we returned to London, and Mr. Hopewell and Colonel Slick being both fatigued, retired almost immediately for the night.

“Smart man, Minister,” said the Attaché, “aint he? You say smart, don’t you? for they use words very odd here, and then fancy it is us talk strange, because we use them as they be. I met Lady Charlotte West to-day, and sais I, ‘I am delighted to hear your mother has grown so clever lately.’ ‘Clever?’ sais she, and she colored up like anythin’, for the old lady, the duchess, is one

of the biggest noodles in all England, — ‘clever, sir?’ ‘Yes,’ sais I, ‘I heerd she was *layin’* all last week, and is *a-settin’* now.’ Oh Soliman! how mad she looked. ‘Layin’ and settin’, sir? I don’t understand you.’ ‘Why,’ sais I, ‘I heerd she kept her bed last week, but is so much better now, she sot up yesterday and drove out to-day.’ ‘Oh! better?’ sais she, ‘now I understand, oh yes! thank you, she is a great deal better:’ and she looked as chipper as possible, seein’ that I warn’t a pokin’ fun at her. I guess I used them words wrong, but one good thing is, she won’t tell the story, I know, for old marm’s sake. I don’t know whether smart is the word or no, but clever, I suppose, is.

“Well, he’s a clever old man, old Minister, too, aint he? That talk of his’n about the curling wave and national character, to-day, is about the best I’ve heern

of his since you come back agin. The worst of it is, he carries things a leetle too far. A man that dives so deep into things is apt to touch bottom sometimes with his head, stir the mud, and rile the water so, he can hardly see his way out himself, much less show others the road. I guess he went a leetle too low that time, and touched the sediment, for I don't 'xactly see that all that follows from his *premyses* at all. Still he is a book, and what he says about the pulpit and the press is true enough, that's a fact. Their influence beats all natur.' The first time I came to England was in one of our splendid liners. There was a considerable number of passengers on board, and among them two outlandish, awkward, ongainly looking fellers, from Tammer Squatter, in the State o' Main. One on 'em was a preacher, and the other a literary gentleman, that published a

newspaper. They was always together a'most like two oxen in a parstur, that are used to be yoked together. Where one was t' other warn't never at no great distance. They had the longest necks and the longest legs of any fellers I ever see,—reg'lar cranes. Swaller a frog whole at a gulp, and bein' temperance chaps, would drink cold water enough arter for him to swim in. The preacher had a rusty suit of black on, that had grown brown by way of a change. His coat had been made by a Tammer Squatter tailor, that carried the fashions there forty years ago, and stuck to 'em ever since. The waist was up atween the shoulders, and the tails short like a boy's jacket; his trousers was most too tight to sit down comfortable, and as they had no straps, they wriggled, and wrinkled, and worked a'most up to his knees. Onderneath were a pair of water-proof boots, big enough to wade

across a lake in a'most. His white cravat looked as yaller as if he 'd kept it in the smoke-house where he cured his hams. His hat was a yaller white, too, enormous high in the crown, and enormous short in the rim, and the nap as close fed down as a sheep pastur'—you couldn't pull enough off to clot your chin, if you had scratched it in shavin.' Walkin' so much in the woods in narrer paths, he had what we call the surveyor's gait; half on him went first to clear the way thro' the bushes for t' other half to follow—his knees and his shoulders bein' the best part of a yard before him. If he warn't a droll boy it 's a pity. When he warn't a talkin' to the editor, he was walkin' the deck and studyin' a book for dear life, sometimes a lookin' at it, and then holdin' it down and repeatin', and then lookin' agin for a word that had slipt thro' his fingers. Confound him, he was always runnin' agin

me, most knockin' me down ; so at last, 'stranger,' sais I, 'you always talk when you sit, and always read when you walk ; now jist revarse the thing, and make use of your eyes, or some of them days you 'll break your nose.' 'I thank you for the hint, Mr. Slick,' sais he, 'I'll take your advice.' 'Mr. Slick,' sais I, 'why, how do you know me?' 'Oh, sais he, 'everybody knows you. I was told when I came on board you was the man that wrote the Clockmaker, and a very cute book it is too ; a great deal of human natur' in it. Come, s'pose we sit down and talk a leetle.' Sais I, 'that must be an entertainin' book you are a-readin' of,—what is it?' 'Why,' 'sais he, 'it's a Hebrew Grammar.' 'A Hebrew Grammar,' sais I, 'why what on airth do you larn Hebrew for?' Says he, 'I 'm a-goin' to the Holy Land for the sake of my health, and I want to larn a leetle of their gibberish

afore I go.' 'Pray,' sais I, 'xcuse me, stranger, but what line are you in?' 'I'm,' sais he, 'a leader of the Christian band at Tammer Squatter.' 'Can you play the key bugle?' sais I, 'I have one here, and it sounds grand in the open air; its loud enough to give a pole-cat the ague. What instruments do you play on? Oh lord!' sais I, 'let's have the gals on deck, and get up a dance. Have you a fiddle?' 'Oh,' sais he, 'Mr. Slick, don't bamm, I'm a minister.' 'Well, why the plague didn't you say so,' sais I, 'for I actually misunderstood you, I did indeed. I know they have a black band at Boston, and a capital one it is too, for they have most excellent ears for music has those niggers, but then they pyson a room so, you can't set in it for five minutes; and they have a white band, and they *are* Christians, which them oncircumcised imps of darkness aint; and I swear to

man, I thought you meant you was a leader of one of those white Christian bands.' 'Well,' sais he, 'I used that word leader because it's a humble word, and I am a humble man; but minister is better, 'cause it aint open to such a droll mistake as that.' He then up and told me he was in delicate health, and the Tammer Squatter ladies of his congregation had subscribed two thousand dollars for him to take a tower to Holy Land, and then lecturin' on it next winter for them. 'Oh!' sais I, 'I see you prefer bein' paid for omission better than a mission.' 'Well,' says he, 'we airn it, and work awful hard. The other day as I passed thro' Bosting, the reverend Mr. Funnyeye sais to me, — Hoshiah, sais he, I envy you your visit. I wish I could get up a case for the women too, for they would do it for me in a minit; but the devil of it is, sais he,

I have a most ungodly appetite, and am so distressin' well, and look so horrid healthy, I am afeerd it won't go down. Do give me a receipt for lookin' pale. —Go to Tammer Squatter, sais I, and do my work in my absence, and see if the women won't work you off your legs in no time; women havn't no marcy on hosses and preachers. They keep 'em a goin' day and night, and think they can't drive 'em fast enough. In long winter nights, away back in the country there, they aint content if they havn't strong hyson tea, and preachin' every night; and no mortal man can stand it, unless his lungs was as strong as a blacksmith's bellows is. They aint stingy though, I tell *you*, they pay down handsome, go the whole figur', and do the thing genteel. Two thousand dollars is a pretty little sum, aint it? and I needn't come back till it's gone. Back-wood preachin' is

hard work, but it pays well if there aint too many feedin' in the same pastur'. There aint no profession a'most in all our country that gives so much power, and so much influence as preachin'. A pop'lar preacher can do anything, especially if he is wise enough to be a comfort, and not a caution to sinners.

“ Well, the Editor looked like a twin-brother. He wore a long loose brown great-coat, that hung down to his heels. Once on a time it had to mount guard over an under-coat ; now it was promoted. His trowsers was black, and shined in the sun as if they had been polished by mistake for his boots. They was a leetle of the shortest, too, and show'd the rim of a pair of red flannel drawers, tied with white tape, and a pair of thunder and lightning socks. He wore no shoes, but only a pair of Indian Rubbers, that was too big for him,

and every time he took a step it made two beats, one for the rubber, and the other for the foot, so that it sounded like a four-footed beast.

“They were whappers, you may depend. They actilly looked like young canoes. Every now and then he’d slip on the wet deck, pull his foot out of the rubber, and then hop on one leg to t’other side, ’till it was picked up and handed to him. His shirt collar nearly reached his ear, and a black stock buckled tight round his throat, made his long neck look as if it had outgrown its strength, and would go into a decline, if it didn’t fill out as it grew older. When he was in the cabin he had the table covered with long strips of printed paper that looked like columns cut out of newspapers. He, too, had got on a mission. He was a delegate from the Tammer Squatter Anti-Slavery Society that had subscribed to

send him to attend the general meetin' to London. He was full of importance, and generally sat armed with two steel pens; one in his hand, for use, and another atween his ear and his head, to relieve guard when the other was off duty. He was a composin' of his speech. He would fold his arms, throw himself back in his chair, look intently at the ceiling, and then suddenly, as if he had caught an idea by the tail, bend down and write as fast as possible, until he had recorded it for ever. Then, relapsin' again into a brown study, he would hum a tune until another bright thought again appeared, when he'd pounce upon it like a cat, and secure it. If he didn't make faces, it's a pity, workin' his lips, twitchin' his face, winkin' his eye, lightin' up his brows, and wrinkl'n' his forehead, awful. It must be shocking hard work to write, I tell you, if all folks have such a time on it as he had.

At last he got his speech done, for he ginn over writin', and said he had made up his mind. He supposed it would cost the Union the loss of the Southern States, but duty must be done. Tammer Squatter was not to be put down and terrified by any power on airth. One day, as I was a laying on the seats, taking a stretch for it, I heerd him say to the Preacher, ' You have not done your duty, sir. The Pulpit has left abolition to the Press. The Press is equal to it, sir, but of course it will require longer time to do it in. They should have gone together, sir, in the great cause. I shall tell the Christian ministry in my speech, they have not sounded the alarm as faithful sentinels. I suppose it will bring all the churches of the Union on me, but the Press is able to bear it alone. It's unfair tho', sir, and you don't know your power. The Pulpit and the Press can move the world. That,

sir, is the Archimedean lever.' The crittur was right, Squire, if two such gonies as them could talk it into 'em, and write it into 'em, at such an outlandish place as Tammer Squatter, that never would have been heerd of to the sea-board, if it hadn't a-been the boundary question made it talked of; and one on 'em got sent to Holy Land, 'cause he guessed he looked pale, and know'd he felt lazy, and t'other sent to have a lark to London, on a business all the world knows London hante got nothin' to do with; I say then, there can't be better proof of the power of the Pulpit and the Press than that. Influence is one thing, and power another. Influence is nothin,' any man can get votes; with us, we give them away, for they aint worth sellin'. But power is shown in makin' folks shell out their money; and more nor half the subscriptions in the world are preached out of folks, or 'press-

ed ' out of 'em—that 's a fact. I wish they would go in harness together always, for we couldn't do without either on them; but the misfortune is, that the Pulpit, in a gineral way, pulls agin' the Press, and if ever it succeeds, the world, like old Rome, will be all in darkness, and bigotry and superstition will cover the land. Without the Pulpit we should be heathens; without the Press we should be slaves. It becomes us Protestants to support one, and to protect the other. Yes! they are great engines, are *the Pulpit and the Press*."

CHAPTER XI.

WATERLOO AND BUNKER-HILL.

As soon as breakfast was over this morning, Colonel Slick left the house as usual, alone. Ever since his arrival in London, his conduct has been most eccentric. He never informs his son where he is going, and very seldom alludes to the business that induced him to come to England, and when he does, he studiously avoids any explanation. I noticed the distress of the *attaché*, who evidently fears that he is deranged; and to divert his mind from such a painful subject of conversation, asked him if he had not been in Ireland during my absence.

“ Ah,” said he, “ you must go to Ireland, Squire. It is one of the most beautiful countries in the world,—few people see it, because they fear it. I don’t speak of the people, for agitation has ruined them : but I speak of the face of natur’, for that is the work of God. It is splendid—that’s a fact. There is more water there than in England, and of course more light in the landscape. Its features are bolder, and of course more picturesque. Oh, you must see Killarney,—we haven’t nothin’ to compare to it. The Scotch lakes aint fit to be named on the same day with it,—our’n are longer and broader, and deeper and bigger, and everything but prettier. I don’t think there is nothin’ equal to it. Loch Katrein and Loch Lomond have been bedeviled by poets, who have dragged all the world there to disappoint ’em, and folks come away as mad as hatters at bein’ made fools of, when, if

they had been let alone, they'd a-lied as bad perhaps as the poets have, and overpraised them themselves most likely. If you want a son not to fall in love with any splendoriferous gal, praise her up to the skies, call her an angel, say she is a whole team and a horse to spare, and all that: the moment the crittur sees her, he is a little grain disappointed, and says, 'well, she *is* handsome, that's a fact, but she *is* not so *very very* everlastin' pretty arter all.' Then he criticises her:—'Her foot is too thick in the instep—her elbow bone is sharp—she rouges—is affected, and so on;' and the more you oppose him, the more he abuses her, till he swears she is misreported, and aint handsome at all;—say nothin' to him, and he is spooney over head and ears in a minute; he sees all beauties and no defects, and is for walkin' into her affections at oncet. Nothin' damages a gal, a preacher, or a lake,

like over-praise ; a hoss is one of the onliest things in natur' that is helpet by it. Now Killarney aint overpraised—it tante praised half enough ;—the Irish praise it about the toploftiest, the Lord knows—but then nobody minds what they say—they blarney so like mad. But it's safe from the poets. My praise won't hurt it, 'cause if I was to talk till I was hoarse, I couldn't persuade people to go to a country where the sting was taken out of the snakes, and the pyson out of the toads, and the venom out of reptiles of all kinds, and given to whigs, demagogues, agitators, radicals, and devils of all sorts and kinds, who have biled it down to an essence, and poured it out into the national cup, until all them that drink of it foam at the mouth and rave like madmen. But you are a stranger, and no one there will hurt the hair of a stranger's head. It's only each other they're at. Go there and see

it. It was Minister sent me there.—Oh, how he raved about it! ‘Go,’ said he, ‘go there of a fine day, when the Lake is sleeping in the sunbeams, and the jealous mountain extends its shadowy veil, to conceal its beautiful bosom from the intrusive gaze of the stranger. Go when the light silvery vapour rises up like a transparent scarf, and folds itself round the lofty summit of Mangerton, till it is lost in the fleecy clouds of the upper regions. Rest on your oars, and drift slowly down to the base of the cliff, and give utterance to the emotions of your heart, and say, ‘Oh, God, how beautiful!’ and your voice will awaken the sleeping echoes from their drowsy caverns, and every rock and every cave, and every crag, and every peak of the mountain will respond to your feelings, and echo back in a thousand voices, ‘Oh, God, how beautiful!’ Then trim your bark to the coming breeze, and steer for Muck-

ross Abbey. Pause here again, to take a last, long, lingering look at this scene of loveliness—and with a mind thus elevated and purified, turn from nature to nature's God, and entering upon the awful solitude that reigns over this his holy temple, kneel on its broken altar, and pray to Him that made this island so beautiful, to vouchsafe in his goodness and mercy to make it also tranquil and happy. 'Go,' he said, 'and see it as I did, at such a time as this, and then tell me if you were not reminded of the Garden of Eden, and the passage of light whereby Angels descended and ascended,—when man was pure and woman innocent.' ”

“ Well done, Mr. Slick,” I said, “ that's the highest flight I ever heard you undertake to commit to memory yet. You are really quite inspired, and in your poetry have lost your provincialism.”

“ My pipe is out, Squire,” he said, “ I

forgot I was talkin' to you ; I actilly thought I was a-talkin' to the gals ; and they are so romantic, one must give 'em a touch above common, 'specially in the high circles I 'me in. Minister always talks like a book, and since you've been gone I have been larnin' all our own *native* poets over and over, so as to get pieces by heart, and quote 'em, and my head runs that way like. I'll be hanged if I don't think I could write it myself, if it would pay, and was worth while, which it aint, and I had nothin' above partickelar to do, which I have. I am glad you checked me, tho'. It lowers one in the eyes of foreigners to talk galish that way to men. But raelly it is a fust chop place ; the clear thing, rael jam, and no mistake ; you can't ditto Killarney nowhere, I know."

Here the Colonel entered abruptly, and said, " I have seed him, Sam, I have seed him, my boy."

“Seen whom?” said the Attaché.

“Why Gíneral Wellington, to be sure, the first man of the age, and well worth seein’ he is too, especially to a military man like me. What’s a prize ox to him, or a calf with two heads, or a caravan, or any other living show?”

“Why surely, father, you haven’t been there to his house, have you?”

“To be sure I have. What do you think I came here for, but to attend to a matter of vast importance to me and you, and all of us; and, at spare time, to see the Tunnel, and the Gíneral, and the Queen, and the Tower, and such critturs, eh? Seen him, why, in course I have; I went to the door of his house, and a good sizable one it is too, most as big as a state house, (only he has made the front yard look like a pound, with them horrid nasty great ugly barn-yard gates,) and rung the bell, and sais a gentleman that was

there, ‘Your name, sir, if you please;’ ‘Lieutenant Colonel Slick,’ sais I, ‘one of the Bunker Hill heroes.’ ‘Walk in here, sir,’ sais he, ‘and I will see if his grace is at home,’ and then in a minute back he comes, and treats me most respectful, I must say, bowin’ several times, and sais, ‘this way, sir,’ and he throws open a door and bawls out, ‘Lieutenant Colonel Slick.’ When I come in, the Gineral was a sittin’ down readin,’ but as soon as he heerd *my* name, he laid down the paper and rose up, and I stood still, threw up old Liberty, (you know I call this here old staff old Liberty, for it is made out of the fust liberty pole ever sot up in Slickville,) —threw up old Liberty, and stood on the salute, as we officers do in reviews on Independence day, or at gineral trainin’s. When he seed that, he started like. ‘Don’t be skeered,’ sais I, ‘Gineral, don’t be skeered; I aint a-goin’ for to hurt you,

but jist to salute you as my senior officer, for it tante often two such old heroes like you and me meet, I can tell you. You fit at Waterloo, and I fit at Bunker's Hill; you whipt the French, and we whipt the English; p'raps history can't show jist two such battles as them; they take the rag off, quite. I was a Sargint, then,' sais I. 'So I should think,' sais he. Strange, Squire, aint it, a military man can tell another military with half an eye?—'So I should think,' sais he.—There aint no deceivin' of them. They can tell by the way you stand, or walk, or hold your head; by your look, your eye, your voice; by everythin'; there is no mistake in an old veteran. 'So I should think,' sais he. 'But pray be seated. I have seen your son, sir,' sais he, 'the Attaché; he has afforded us a great deal of amusement.' 'Sam is a cute man, Gineral,' sais I, 'and always was from a

boy. It 's ginerally allowed a man must rise airy in the mornin' to catch him asleep, I can tell you. Tho' I say it that shouldn't say it, seein' that I am his father; he is a well-informed man in most things. He is a'most a grand judge of a hoss, Ginerall; he knows their whole shape, make, and breed; there's not a p'int about one he don't know; and when he is mounted on ' Old Clay,' the way he cuts dirt is cautionary; he can make him pick up miles with his feet, and throw 'em behind him faster than any hoss that ever trod on iron. He made them stare a few in the colonies, I guess. It aint every corn-field you can find a man in 'xactly like him, I can tell you. He can hoe his way with most any one I ever see. Indeed few men can equal him in horned cattle, either; he can lay an ox with most men; he can actilly tell the weight of one to five pounds. There is

no horned cattle here, tho', for it's all housen.' 'There are more in the high circles he moves in,' sais the Ginerall, smilin', 'than you would suppose.' Oh, he smiled pretty ! he don't look fierce as you 'd guess that an old hero would. It's only ensigns do that, to look big. 'There are more in the high circles he moves in,' sais the Ginerall smilin', 'than you would suppose.' 'There mought be,' sais I, 'but I don't see none on 'em, for the high circles are all big squares here, and the pastur's are all built over, every inch on 'em, with stone and brick. I wonder if I could get some of the calves, they would improve the breed to Slickville amazingly. Sam sent me a Bedford pig, last year, and raelly it was a sight to behold ; small bone, thick j'int, short neck, broad on the back, heavy on the ham, and took next to nothin' to feed him, nother ; I sold the young ones for twenty dollars a-piece, I

did upon my soul, fact, I assure you, not a word of a lie in it.'

"'Well, well,'" sais I, "only think, that I, a hero of Bunker Hill, should have lived to see the hero of Waterloo. I wish you would shake hands along with me, Gineral, it will be somethin' to brag of, I can tell you; it will show our folks you have forgiven us.' 'Forgiven you?' said he, lookin' puzzled. 'Yes,' says I, 'forgiven us for the almighty everlastin' whippin' we give you, in the Revolutionary war.' 'Oh!' said he, smilin' again, 'now I understand—oh! quite forgiven, I assure you,' sais he, 'quite.' 'That's noble,' sais I, 'none but a brave man forgives—a coward, Gineral, never does; a brave man knows no fear, and is above all revenge. That's very noble of you, it shows the great man and the hero. It was a tremendous fight that, at Bunker Hill. We allowed the British to come on till

we seed the whites of their eyes, and then we let 'em have it. Heaven and airth! what capers the first rank cut, jumpin', rearin', plungin', staggerin', fallin'; then, afore they formed afresh, we laid it into 'em agin and agin, till they lay in winrows like. P'raps nothin' was ever seen done so beautiful in this blessed world of our'n. There was a doctor from Boston commanded us, and he was unfortunately killed there. Tho' it's an ill wind that don't blow somebody good; if the doctor hadn't got his flint fixed there, p'raps you'd never a-heerd of Washington. But I needn't tell you, in course you know all about Bunker Hill; every one has heerd tell of that sacred spot.' 'Bunker Hill! Bunker Hill!' sais the Ginerall, pertendin' to roll up his eyes, 'Bunker Hill?—I think I have—where is it?' 'Where is it, eh?' sais I. 'So you never heerd tell of Bunker Hill, eh? and p'raps you

never heerd tell of Lexington, nother?’ ‘Why,’ sais he, ‘to tell you the truth, Colonel Slick, the life I have led has been one of such activity, I have had no time to look into a lexicon since I give up schoolin’, and my Greek is rather rusty I confess.’ ‘Why, damnation ! man,’ sais I, ‘Lexington aint in any of them Greek republics at all, but in our own everlastin’ almighty one.’ ‘P’raps you mean Vinegar Hill,’ sais he, ‘where the rebels fought, in Ireland? It is near Inniscorthy. ‘Vinegar devil,’ sais I, for I began to get wrathful for to come for to go for to pretend that way. ‘I don’t wonder it is sour to you, and the Vinegar has made your memory a little mothery. No ; it aint in Ireland at all, but in Massachusetts, near Boston.’ ‘Oh, I beg your pardon,’ he sais, ‘Oh, yes ! I do recollect now ; Oh, yes ! the Americans fought well

there, very well indeed.' 'Well sir,' sais I, 'I was at that great and glorious battle; I am near about the sole survivor,—the only one to tell the tale. I am the only man, I guess, that can say,—I have seed Waterloo and Bunker's Hill—Wellington and Washington. (I put them two forrard first, tho' our'n was first in time and first in renown, for true politeness always says to the stranger, after you, sir, is manners.) And I count it a great privilege too, I do indeed, Gineral. I heerd of you afore I come here, I can tell you; your name is well known to Slickville, I assure you.' Oh, I feel quite flattered!' said Duke. 'Sam has made you known, I can assure you. Indeed,' sais he, smilin', (there aint nothin' ferocious about that man, I can tell you,) 'I am very much indebted to your son.' He did upon my soul, them were his very words, 'I am much in-

debted to your son.' I hope I may be darned to darnation if he didn't, 'very much indebted' he said. 'Not at all,' sais I, 'Sam would do that, and twice as much for you any day. He writes to my darter all his sayin's and doin's, and I am proud to see you and he are so thick, you will find him a very cute man, and if you want a hoss, Sam is your man. You've heern tell of Doctor Ivory Hovey, Gineral, hante you, the tooth doctor of Slickville?' 'No,' sais he, 'no!' 'Not hear of Doctor Ivory Hovey, of Slickville?' sais I. 'No; I never heern of him,' he sais. 'Well, that's strange too,' sais I, 'I thought every body had heerd tell of him. Well, you've sartinly heern of Deacon Westfall, him that made that grand spec at Alligator's lick?' 'I might,' sais he, 'but I do not recollect.' 'Well, that's 'cussed odd,' sais I, 'for both on 'em have heern

of you and Waterloo too, but then we are an enlightened people. Well, they are counted the best judges of hoss-flesh in our country, but they both knock under to Sam. Yes! if you want a hoss, ax Sam, and he'll pick you out one for my sake, that won't stumble as your'n did t'other day, and nearly broke your neck. Washington was fond of a hoss; I suppose you never seed him? you mought, for you are no chicken now in age—but I guess not.' 'I never had that honor,' he said. He said 'honor,' he did upon my soul. Heroes are never jealous; it's only mean low-spirited scoundrels that are jealous. 'I never had that honor,' he said.

"Now I must say I feel kinder proud to hear the fust man in the age call it an 'honor' jist to have seed him—for it is an honor, and no mistake; but it aint every one, especially a

Britisher, that is high-minded enough to say so. But Wellington is a military man, and that makes the hero, the statesman, and the gentleman—it does, upon my soul. Yes, I feel kinder proud, I tell you. ‘Well,’ sais I, ‘Washington was fond of a hoss, and I’ll tell you what Ginerall Lincoln told me that he heard Washington say himself with his own lips,—Shew me a man that is fond of a hoss, and I’ll show you the makins of a good dragoon.

“ ‘Now, Sam always was fond of one from a boy. He is a judge, and no mistake, he caps all, that’s a fact. ‘Have you ever slept with him, Ginerall?’ says I. ‘What, sir?’ said he. ‘Have you ever slept with him?’ says I. ‘I have nev—,’

“Oh, heavens and airth!” said his son; “Surely, father, you didn’t say that to him, did you?” And then turning to

me, he said in a most melancholy tone, "Oh, Squire, Squire, aint this too bad? I'm a ruined man, I'm a gone sucker, I am up a tree, you may depend. Creation! only think of his saying that, I shall never hear the last of it. Dickens will hear of it; H.B. will hear of it, and there will be a caricature, 'Have you slept with him, Gineral?' 'Speak a little louder,' said the Colonel, 'I don't hear you.' "I was a sayin', sir," said the Attaché, raising his voice; "I hoped to heavens you hadn't said that."

"Said it? to be sure I did, and what do you think he answered? 'I never had that honor, sir,' he said, a-drawin' himself up, and lookin' proud-like, as if he felt hurt you hadn't axed him,—he did, upon my soul! 'I never had that honor,' he said. So you see where you stand, Sam, letter A, No. 1, you do indeed. 'I never had *the* honor, sir, to see Washington. I never

had *the honor* to sleep with Sam.' Don't be skeered, boy, your fortin is made, I thought you might have bragged and a-boasted a leetle in your letters, but I now see I was mistakened. I had no notion you stood so high, I feel quite proud of your *position* in *society*.

“ ‘As for the honour,’ sais I, ‘Gineral, it will be all the other way, though the advantage will be mutual, for he can explain Oregon territory, right of sarch, free trade, and them things, better nor you’d s’pose; and now,’ sais I, ‘I must be a-movin’, Duke, for I guess dinner is waitin’, but I am happy to see you. If you ever come to Slickville I will receive you with all due military honors, at the head of our Volunteer Corps, and shew you the boys the Bunker Hill heroes have left behind ’em, to defend the glorious country they won for ’em with the sword. Good-bye, good-bye. I count it

a great privilege to have seed you,' and I bowed myself out. He is a great man, Sam, a very great man. He has the same composed, quiet look, Washington had, and all real heroes have. I guess he is a great man all through the piece, but I was very sorry to hear you hadn't slept with him—very sorry indeed. You might sarve our great nation, and raise yourself by it too. Daniel Webster slept with the President all the time he was to Slickville, and he made him Secretary of State; and Deacon Westfall slept with Van Buren at Alligator's Lick, and talked him over to make him Postmaster General. Oh! the next time you go to Duke's party, sais you, 'Gineral,' sais you, 'as there is no Miss Wellington, your wife, now livin', I'll jist turn in with you to-night, and discuss national matters, if you aint sleepy.' ”

“ Airth and seas !” said the Attaché to

me, "did ever any one hear the beat of that? Oh dear, dear! what will folks say to this poor dear old man? I feel very ugly, I do indeed." "I don't hear you," said the Colonel. "Nothin', sir," said the Attaché, "go on." "Sleep with him, Sam, and if he is too cautious on politics, why ax him to tell you of *Waterloo*, and do you tell him all about *Bunker Hill*."

CHAPTER XII.

HOOKS AND EYES.—PART I.

AFTER our return from dinner to-day, Mr. Slick said, "Squire, what did you think of our host?" I said, "I thought he was a remarkably well informed man, and a good talker, although he talked rather louder than was agreeable."

"That feller," said he "is nothin' but a cussed Hook, and they are critturs that it ought to be lawful to kick to the north-end of creation, wherever you meet 'em' as it is to kick a dog, an ingian or a nigger." "A Hook," I said, "pray what is that?" "Did you never hear of a Hook," he replied; and, upon my answering in the

negative, he said, " well, p'raps you hante, for I believe 'hooks and eyes' is a tarm of my own; they are to be found all over the world; but there are more on 'em to England, p'raps, than any other part of the globe a'most. I got that wrinkle, about hooks and eyes, when I was just one and twenty, from a gal, and since then I find it goes thro' all natur'. There are Tory hooks, and Whig hooks, and Radical hooks, and rebel hooks, and so on, and they are all so mean it tante easy to tell which is the dirtiest or meanest of 'em. But I'll tell you the first thing sot me to considerin' about hooks and eyes, and then you will see what a grand lesson it is.

"I was always shockin' fond of gunnin', and p'raps to this day there aint no one in all Slickville as good at shot, or bullet as I be. Any created thing my gun got a sight of was struck dead afore it knew

what was the matter of it. Well, about five miles or so from our house, there was two most grand duck-ponds, where the blue-winged duck and the teal used to come, and these ponds was on the farm of Squire Foley. Sometimes, in the wild-fowl season, I used to go over there and stay at the Squire's three or four days at a time, and grand sport I had too, I can tell you. Well, the Squire had but one child, and she was a darter, and the most beautiful crittur that ever trod in shoe-leather. Onion county couldn't ditto her nowhere, nor Connecticut nother. It would take away your breath a'most to look at her she was so handsum. Well, in course, I was away all day and didn't see much of Lucy, except at feedin' times, and at night, round the fire. Well, what does Lucy do, but say she should like to see how ducks was shot, and that she would go with me some day and look on. Well, we went the

matter of three different mornin's, tho' not hard runnin', and sot down in the spruce thickets, that run out in little points into the ponds, which made grand screens for shootin' from, at the birds. But old Marm Foley—Oh! nothin' never escapes a woman;—old Marm obsarved whenever Lucy was with me, I never shot no birds, for we did nothin' but talk, and that frightened 'em away; and she didn't half like this watchin' for wild ducks so far away from home. 'So,' sais she, (and women know how to find excuses, beautiful, it comes nateral to 'em,) 'so,' sais she 'Lucy, dear, you mustn't go a-gunnin' no more. The dew is on the grass so airly in the mornin', and the bushes is wet, and you are delicate yourself; your great grandmother, on your father's side, died of consumption, and you'll catch your death a-cold, and besides,' sais she, 'if you must go, go with some one that knows

how to shoot, for you have never brought home no birds yet.' Lucy, who was as proud as Lucifer, understood the hint at oncet, and was shockin' vext, but she wouldn't let on she cared to go with me, and that it was young Squire Slick she wanted to see, and not the ducks. 'So,' she sais, 'I was a thinkin' so too, Ma, for my part, I can't see what pleasure there can be settin' for hours shiverin' under a wet bush jist to shoot a duck. I shan't go no more.' Well, next mornin' arter this talk, jist as I was ready to start away, down comes Lucy to the keepin'-room, with both arms behind her head a-fixin' of the hooks and eyes. 'Man alive,' sais she, 'are you here yet, I thought you was off gunnin' an hour ago; who'd a thought you was here?' 'Gunnin?' says I 'Lucy, my gunnin' is over, I shan't go no more now, I shall go home; I agree with you; shiverin' alone under a wet

bush for hours is no fun ; but if Lucy was there '——' 'Get out,' sais she, ' don't talk nonsense, Sam, and just fasten the upper hook and eye of my frock, will you ?' She turned round her back to me. Well, I took the hook in one hand and the eye in the other ; but airth and seas ! my eyes fairly snapped agin ; I never see such a neck since I was raised. It sprung right out o' the breast and shoulder, full and round, and then tapered up to the head like a swan's, and the complexion would beat the most delicate white and red rose that ever was seen. Lick, it made me all eyes ! I jist stood stock still, I couldn't move a finger if I was to die for it. ' What ails you, Sam,' sais she, ' that you don't hook it ?' ' Why,' sais I, ' Lucy dear, my fingers is all thumbs, that 's a fact, I can't handle such little things as fast as you can.' ' Well, come' sais she, ' make haste, that 's a dear, mother will be a-com-

in' directly ;' and at last I shot too both my eyes, and fastened it, and when I had done, sais I, 'there is one thing I must say, Lucy.' 'What's that ?' sais she. 'That you may stump all Connecticut to show such an angeliferous neck as you have—I never saw the beat of it in all my born days—its the most'——'And you may stump the State, too,' sais she 'to produce such another bold, forward, impedent, onmannerly, tongue as you have, —so there now—so get along with you.' —'Well sais I, if——'

“‘Hold your tongue,’ sais she, ‘this moment, or I’ll go right out of the room now.’ ‘Well,’ sais I, ‘now I am mad, for I didn’t mean no harm, and I’ll jist go and kill ducks out of spite.’ ‘Do,’ sais she, ‘and p’raps you’ll be in good humour at breakfast.’ ‘Well, that night I bid ’em all good bye, and said I should be off airly and return to my own home to breakfast,

as there was some considerable little chores to be attended to there; and in the mornin', as I was rakin' out the coals to light a cigar, in comes Lucy agin, and sais she, 'good bye, Sam, take this parcel to Sally; I had to git up a-purpose to give it to you, for I forgot it last night. I hope you will bring Sally over soon, I am very lonesome here.' Then she went to the glass and stood with her back to it, and turned her head over her shoulders and put both hands behind her, a-tryin' to fix the hooks and eyes agin, and arter fussin' and fumblin' for awhile, sais she, 'I believe I must trouble you agin, Sam, for little Bynney is asleep and mother won't be down this half hour, and there is no one to do it; but don't talk nonsense now as you did yesterday.' 'Sartinly,' sais I, 'but a cat may look at a king, I hope, as grandfather Slick used to say, mayn't he?' 'Yes, or a queen either,' sais she, 'if he

only keeps his paws off.' 'Oh, oh!' sais I to myself, sais I, 'mother won't be down for half an hour, little Byney is asleep, and it's paws off, is it?' Well, I fastened the hooks and eyes, though I was none of the quickest about it nother, I tell you, for it warn't easy to shut out a view of such a neck as that, and when I was jist finishin', Lucy, sais I, don't ask me to fasten that are agin.' 'Why not?' sais she. 'Why, because if you do, I'll, I'll, I'll,'—'What will you do?' sais she.—'I'll, I'll, I'll do that,' sais I, puttin' my arms round her neck, turnin' up her face, and givin' her a smack that went off like a pistol. 'Well, I never!' sais she, 'mother heard that as sure as you are born! you impudent wretch you! I'll never speak to you agin the longest day I ever live. You ought to be ashamed of yourself to act that way, so you ought. So there now. Oh I never in all my life! Get out of

my sight, you horrid impudent crittur, go out this minute, or I'll call mother.' Well, faith, I began to think I had carried it too far, so sais I, 'I beg pardon, Lucy, I do indeed; if you only knew all, you wouldn't keep angry, I do assure you.' 'Hold your tongue,' sais she, 'this very minit; don't you ever dare to speak to me agin.' 'Well,' sais I, 'Lucy, I don't return no more,—I shall go home,—we never meet again, and in course if we don't meet, we can't speak. I saw her colour up at that like anything, so, sais I to myself, its all right, try a leetle longer, and she'll make it up. 'I had something,' sais I, 'to say, but it's no use now. My heart'—'Well I don't want to hear it,' sais she, faintly. 'Well then, I'll lock it up in my own breast for ever,' sais I, 'since you are so cruel,—it's hard to part that way. My heart, Lucy,'—'Well, don't tell me now, Sam,' sais she, 'you have fright-

ened me most to death.' 'Oh, I shall never tell you, you are so cruel,' says I. 'I have a proposal to make. But my heart,—but never mind, good bye ;' and I put my hat on, and moved to the door. 'Had you heerd my proposal, I might have been happy ; but it's past now. I shall sail for Nova Scotia to-morrow ; good bye.' 'Well, what is it then ?' sais she, 'I'm in a tittervation all over.' 'Why, Lucy, dear,' sais I, 'I confess I was very very wrong indeed, I humbly axe your pardon, and I have a proposal to make, as the only way to make amends.' 'Well,' sais she, a-lookin' down and colourin' all over, and a-twistin' o' the corner of her apron-frill, 'well,' sais she, 'what is it, what is it, for mother will be here directly ?' 'No,' sais I, 'my lips is sealed for ever ; I know you will refuse me, and that will kill me quite.' 'Refuse you, dear Sam,' sais she, 'how can you talk so unkind ? Speak,

dear, what is it?' 'Why,' sais I, 'my proposal is to beg pardon, and restore what I have stolen. S'posin' I give you that kiss back again; will you make up and be friends?' Oh, Lord, I never saw anythin' like her face in all my life; there was no pretence there; she raelly was all taken a-back, for she thought I was a-goin' to offer to her in airnest, and it was nothin' but to kiss her agin. She was actually bung fungered.' 'Well, I never!' sais she; and she seemed in doubt for a space, whether to be angry or good-natured, or how to take it; at last she sais, 'Well, I must say you deserve it, for your almighty everlastin' imperence, will you promise never to tell if I let you?' 'Tell!' sais I, 'I scorn it as I do a nigger.' 'Well, there then,' said she, standin,' with her face lookin' down, and I jist put my arm round her, and if I didn't return that kiss with every farthin' of interest that was due, and ten per cent. of premium too, it's a

pity, I tell you, that's all ! It was like a seal on wax ; it left the impression on her lips all day. ' Ah ! ' sais she, ' Sam, it's time we did part, for you are actin' foolish now ; come, here's your powder-horn and shot-bag, take your gun and be off. I hear mother. But, Sam, I rely on your honor ; be off.' And she pushed me gently on the shoulder, and said ' what a sarcy dear you be,' and shot to the door arter me, and then opened it agin and called arter me, and said, ' Mind you bring Sally over to see me soon, I'm very lonely here. Bring her soon, Sam.' As I went home, I began to talk to myself.—Sam, sais I, " hooks and eyes " is dangerous things, do you jist mind what you are about, or a sartin young lady with a handsome neck will clap a hook on you, as sure as you're born. So mind your eye.—This was a grand lesson ; it has taught me to watch *hooks* and *eyes* of all kinds, I tell *you*."

“ Sam,” said Colonel Slick, rising from his chair with some difficulty, by supporting himself with both hands on its arms ; “ Sam you are a d—d rascal.”

“ Thank you, sir,” said his son, with a quick and inquisitive glance at me, expressive of his impatience and mortification. “ Thank you sir, I am obleeged to you for your good opinion.”

“ You are welcome sir,” said his father, raising himself to his full height. “ To take advantage of that young lady and kiss her, sir, as you did, was a breach of good manners, and to kiss her under her father’s roof was a breach of hospitality ; but to talk of your havin’ a proposal to make, and so on, to induce her to let you repeat it, was a breach of honor. You must either marry that girl or fight her father, sir.”

“ Well sir,” said Mr. Slick, “ considerin’ I am the son of a Bunker Hill hero

and one, too, that fought at Mud Creek and Peach Orchard, for the honor of the name I will fight her father."

"Right," said the Colonel, "seein' she dispises you, as I'm sure she must, p'raps fightin' is the best course."

"Oh, I'll fight him," said his son, "as soon as we return. He's a gone 'coon, is the old Squire, you may depend."

"Give me your hand, Sam," said his father, "a man desarves to kiss a gal that will fight for her, that's a fact. That's a military rule, lovin' and fightin', sir, is the life of a soldier. When I was a-goin' to Bunker Hill there was a gal"—

"Hem!" said Mr. Hopewell, turning restlessly in his chair. "Sam, give me a pipe, I hardly know which to disapprove of most, your story or your father's comments. Bring me a pipe, and let us change the subject of conversation. I think we have had enough to-day of '*hooks and eyes*.'"

CHAPTER XIII.

HOOKS AND EYES.—PART II.

“IF you recollect,” said Mr. Slick, “I was a-tellin’ of you yesterday about hooks and eyes, and how I larnt the fust lesson in that worldly wisdom from Lucy Foley. Now, our friend that entertained us yesterday, is a hook, a Tory hook, and nothin’ else, and I must say if there is a thing I despise and hate in this world, it is one o’ them critturs. The Tory party here, you know, includes all the best part of the upper crust folks in the kingdom,—most o’ the prime o’ the nobility, clargy, gentry, army, navy, professions, and rael merchants. It has, in course, a vast majority

of all the power, talent, vartue, and wealth of the kingdom a'most. In the natur' of things, therefore, it has been in power most o' the time, and always will be in longer than the Whigs, who are, in fact, in a gineral way not Liberals on principle, but on interest,—not in heart, but in profession.

“ Well, such a party is ‘ the eye,’ or the power, and the ‘ hook ’ is a crooked thing made to hitch on to it. Every Tory jungle has one or more of these beasts of prey in it. Talk of a tiger hunt, heavens and airth ! it would be nothin' to the fun of huntin' one of these devils. Our friend is one ; he is an adventurer in politics and nothin' else,—he talks high Tory, and writes high Tory, and acts high Tory, about the toploftiest ; not because he is one, for he is nothin', but because it curries favour, because it enables him to stand where he can put his hook in when a

chance offers. He'll stoop to anythin', will this wretch. If one of his Tory patrons writes a book, he writes a review of it, and praises it up to the skies. If he makes a speech, he gets a leadin' article in its favour inserted in a paper. If his lady has a lap-dog, he takes it up and fondles it, and swears it is the sweetest one he ever seed in his life; and when the cute leetle divil, smellin' deceit on his fingers, snaps at 'em and half bites 'em off, he gulps down the pain without winkin', and says, oh! you are jealous, you little rogue, you know'd I was a-goin to import a beautiful one from Cuba for your mistress. He is one o' them rascals that will crouch but not yelp when he is kicked,—he knows the old proverb, that if a feller gets a rap from a jackass, he hadn't ought to tell of it. If 'the eye' has an old ugly darter, he dances with her, and takes her in to dinner; whatever

tastes her 'n is, his 'n is the same. If she plays he goes into fits, turns up the whites of his eyes, twirls his thumbs, and makes his foot move in time. If she sings, then it's a beautiful song, but made twice as sweet by the great effect she gives to it. After dinner he turns up his nose at cotton lords, and has some capital stories to tell of their vulgarity; talks of the Corn-law League people havin' leave to hold their meetin's in Newgate; speaks of the days of Eldon and Wetherall as the glorious days of old England, and the Reform Bill as its sunset. Peel wants firmness, Stanley wants temper, Graham consistency, and all want somethin' or another, if 'the eye' only thinks so. If there is anythin' to be done, but not talked of, or that can be neither done nor talked of, he is jist the boy for the dirty job, and will do it right off. That's the way you know the hook when the eye

is present. When the eye aint, there you will know him by his arrogance and impudence, by his talkin' folks down, by his overbearin' way, by his layin' down the law, by his pertendin' to know all State secrets, and to be oppressed by the weight of 'em; and by his pertendin' things aint good enough for him by a long chalk. He talks big, walks big, and acts big. He never can go anywhere with you, for he is engaged to the Duke of this, and the Marquis of that, and the Airl of t' other. He is jist a nuisance, that's a fact, and ought to be indicted. Confound him, to-day he eyed me all over, from head to foot, and surveyed me like, as much as to say, what a Yankee scarecrow you be, what standin' corn, I wonder, was you taken out of? When I seed him do that, I jist eyed him the same way, only I turned up my nose and the corner of my mouth a few, as much as for to say, I'm a sneeser,

a reg'lar ring-tailed roarer, and can whip my weight in wild cats, so look out for scaldin's, will you. When he seed that, he was as civil as you please. Cuss him, how I longed to feel his short ribs, and tickle his long ones for him. If folks could only read men as I can, there wouldn't be many such cattle a-browsin' about in other men's pastur's, I know. But then, as Minister says, all created critturs have their use, and must live, I do suppose. The toad eats slugs, the swaller eats muskeeters, and the hog eats rattle-snakes; why shouldn't these leeches fasten on to fat old fools, and bleed them when their habit is too full.

“ Well, bad as this crittur is, there is a wus one, and that is a Whig hook. The Whigs have no power of themselves, they get it all from the Radicals, Romanists, Republicans, Dissenters, and lower orders, and so on. Their hook, therefore, is at

t'other eend, and hooks up. Instead of an adventurer, therefore, or spekelator in politics, a Whig hook is a statesman, and fastens on to the leaders of these bodies, so as to get their support. Oh dear! it would make you larf ready to split if you was to watch the menouvres of these critturs to do the thing, and yet not jist stoop too low nother, to keep their own position as big bugs and gentlemen, and yet flatter the vanity of these folks. The decentest leaders of these bodies they now and then axe to their tables, takin' care the company is all of their own party, that they mayn't be larfed at for their popularity-huntin'. If they aint quite so decent, but jist as powerful, why they take two or three on 'em at a time, bag 'em, and shake 'em out into a room chock full of people, where they rub the dust off their clothes agin other folks afore long, and pop in the crowd. Some on 'em axe

a high price. Owen and his Socialists made an introduction to the Queen as their condition. They say Melbourne made awful wry faces at it, like a child takin' physic; but it was to save life, so he shot to his eyes, opened his mouth, and swallowed it. Nothin' never shocked the nation like that. They love their Queen, do the English, and they felt this insult about the deepest. It was one o' them things that fixed the flint of the Whigs. It fairly frighten'd folks, they didn't know what onder the sun would come next. But the great body of these animals aint fit for no decent company whatsoever, but have them they must, cost what it will; and what do you think they do now to countenance, and yet not to associate,—to patronize and not come too familiar? Why they have a half-way house that saves the family the vexation and degradation of havin' such vulgar fellers near

'em, and answers the purpose of gratifyin' these critturs' pride. Why they go to the Reform Club and have a house dinner, to let these men feast their eyes on a lord, and do their hearts good by the sight of a star or a ribbon. Then they do the civil—onbend—take wine with them—talk about enlightened views—removing restrictions—ameliorating the condition of the people—building an altar in Ireland and sacrificing seven church bishops on it, to pacify the country—free trade—cheap bread, and all other stuff that's cheap talkin'—preach up unity—hint to each man if the party comes in he must have office—drink success to reform, shake hands and part. Follow them out arter dinner, and hear the talk of both 'hooks and eyes.' Says the hook, 'What a vulgar wretch that was; how he smelt of tobacco and gin. I'm glad it's over.'

I think we have these men, though, eh? Staunch reformers, those. 'Gad, if they knew what a sacrifice it was to dine with such brutes, they'd know how to appreciate their good luck.' This, I estimate, is about the wust sight London has to shew; rank, fortin, and station, degradin' itself for party purposes. Follow out the 'eyes,' who, in their turn, become 'hooks' to those below 'em. 'Lucky in gainin' these lords,' they say. 'We must make use of them; we must get them to help us to pull down the pillars of their own house that's to crush them. They are as blind as Sampson, it's a pity they aint quite as strong. Go to public meetin's and hear their blackguard speeches; hear 'em abuse Queen, Albert, nobles, clargy, and all in a body for it. It wont do for them to except their friends that honoured 'em at the "House dinner." They

are throwed into a heap together, and called every name they can lay their tongues to. Talk of our stump orators, they are fools to these fellers, they arn't fit to hold a candle to 'em. We have nothin' to pull down, nothin' but party agin party, and therefore envy, especially envy of superiors, which is an awful feelin', don't enter into their heads and pyson their hearts. It's 'great cry and little wool' with us, and a good deal of fun, too; many of these leaders here are bloodhounds; they snuff gore, and are on the trail; many of our'n snuff whiskey and fun, and their talk is Bunkum. I recollect oncet heerin' one of our western orators, one Colonel Hanibel Hornbeak, of Sea-conch, argue this way: 'Whar was General Jackson, then? a givin' of the British a'most an almighty lickin' at New Orleans, and whar was Harrison? a-fattin'

of hogs, makin' bad bacon, and gettin' more credit than he desarved for it ; and whar was our friend here ? a-drawin' of bills on Baltimore as fast as he could, and a-gettin' of them discounted ; and for these reasons I vote for nullification.' But here it is different talk. I heerd one reformer say, ' when the king was brought to the block the work was well begun, but they stopt there ; his nobles and his bishops should have shared the same fate. Then, indeed, should we have been free at this day. Let us read history, learn the lesson by heart, and be wise.' Now don't let these folks talk to us of Bowie knives and Arkansau toothpicks. In our country they are used in drunken private quarrels ; here they are ready to use 'em in public ones. ' Hooks and eyes ! ' I'll count the chain for you. Here it is : 1st. link,—Masses ; 2nd.—Republicans ; 3rd.

—Agitators ; 4th.—Repealers ; 5th.—Liberals ; 6th.—Whigs. This is the great reform chain, and a pretty considerable tarnation precious chain it is, too, of ‘ hooks and eyes.’ ”

CHAPTER XIV.

RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT.—PART I.

DESPATCHES having been received from Canada, announcing the resignation of the Local Cabinet, responsible government became, as a matter of course, a general topic of conversation. I had never heard Mr. Hopewell's opinion on this subject, and as I knew no man was able to form so correct a one as himself, I asked him what he thought of it.

“If you will tell me what responsible government is,” he said, “then I will tell you what I think of it. As it is understood by the leaders of the liberal party in Canada, it is independence and re-

publicanism ; as it is understood here, it is a cant term of Whig invention, susceptible of several interpretations, either of which can be put upon it to suit a particular purpose. 'It is a Greek incantation to call fools into a circle.' It is said to have originated from Lord Durham ; that alone is sufficient to stamp its character. Haughty, vain, impetuous, credulous, prejudiced, and weak, he imagined that theories of government could be put into practice with as much ease as they could be put upon paper. I do not think myself he attached any definite meaning to the term, but used it as a grandiloquent phrase, which, from its size, must be supposed to contain something within it ; and from its popular compound, could not fail to be acceptable to the party he acted with. It appears to have been left to common parlance to settle its meaning, but it is not the only

word used in a different and sometimes opposite sense, on the two sides of the Atlantic. All the evil that has occurred in Canada since the introduction of this ambiguous phrase, is attributed to his Lordship. But in this respect the public has not done him justice; much good was done during his dictatorship in Canada, which, though not emanating directly from him, had the sanction of his name. He found on his arrival there a very excellent council collected together by Sir John Colborne, and they enabled him to pass many valuable ordinances, which it has been the object of the Responsibles ever since to repeal. The greatest mischief was done by Poulett Thompson; shrewd, sensible, laborious, and practical, he had great personal weight, and as he was known to have unlimited power delegated to him, and took the liberty of altering the tenure of every office of emolument in the coun-

try, he had the greatest patronage ever known in a British province, at his command, and of course extraordinary official influence.

“His object evidently was not to lay the foundation of a permanent system of government there. That would have taken a longer period of time than he intended to devote to it. It was to re-organise the legislative body under the imperial act, put it into immediate operation, carry through his *measures at any cost and by any means*, produce a temporary pacification, make a dashing and striking effect, and return triumphant to Parliament, and say, ‘I have effaced all the evils that have grown out of years of Tory misrule, and given to the Canadians that which has so long and so unjustly been withheld from them by the bigotry, intolerance, and exclusiveness of that party “Responsible Government.”’ That

short and disastrous Administration has been productive of incalculable mischief. It has disheartened and weakened the loyal British party. It has emboldened and strengthened the opposite one, and from the extraordinary means used to compel acquiescence, and obtain majorities, lowered the tone of moral feeling throughout the country.

“He is now dead, and I will not speak of him in the terms I should have used had he been living. The object of a truly good and patriotic man should have been not to create a triumphant party to carry his measures, (because he must have known that to purchase their aid, he must have adopted too many of their views, or modified or relinquished too many of his own,) but to extinguish all party, to summon to his council men possessing the confidence of every large interest in the country, and by their as-

sistance to administer the government with fairness, firmness, and impartiality. No government based upon any other principle will ever give general satisfaction, or insure tranquillity in the Colonies, for in politics as in other things, nothing can be permanent that is not built upon the immutable foundations of truth and justice. The fallacy of this 'Responsibility System' is that it consists, as the liberals interpret it, of two antagonist principles, Republican and Monarchical, the former being the active, and the latter the passive principle. When this is the case, and there is no third or aristocratic body, with which both can unite, or which can prevent their mutual contact, it is evident the active principle will be the ruling one.

"This is not a remote but an immediate consequence, and as soon as this

event occurs, there is but one word that expresses the result—independence. One great error of Poulett Thompson was, in strengthening, on all occasions, the democratic, and weakening the aristocratic, feeling of the country, than which nothing could be more subversive of the regal authority and influence. Pitt wisely designed to have created an order in Canada, corresponding as far as the different situations of the two countries would admit, to the hereditary order in England, but unfortunately listened to Whig reasoning and democratic raillery, and relinquished the plan. The soundness of his views is now apparent in the great want that is felt of such a counterpoise, but I will talk to you of this subject some other time.

“ I know of no colony to which Responsible Government, as now demanded, is applicable; but I know of few to which

it is so wholly unsuitable as to Canada. If it means anything, it means a government responsible to the people for its acts, and of course pre-supposes a people capable of judging.

“As no community can act for itself, in a body, individual opinion must be severally collected, and the majority of votes thus taken must be accepted as the voice of the people. How, then, can this be said to be the case in a community where a very large portion of the population surrenders the right of private judgment to its priests, and where the politics of the priesthood are wholly subservient to the advancement of their church, or the preservation of their nationality? A large body like this in Canada will always be made larger by the addition of ambitious and unscrupulous men of other creeds, who are ever willing to give their talents and influence in ex-

change for its support, and to adopt its views, provided the party will adopt them. *To make the Government responsible to such a party as this, and to surrender the patronage of the Crown to it, is to sacrifice every British and every Protestant interest in the country.*

“The hope and the belief, and indeed the entire conviction that such would be the result, was the reason why the French leaders accepted responsible government with so much eagerness and joy, the moment it was proffered. They felt that they had again, by the folly of their rulers, become sole masters of a country they were unable to reconquer, and were in the singular and anomalous condition of having a monopoly of all the power, revenue, authority, and patronage of the Government, without any possibility of the real owners having any practical participation in it.

The French, aided by others holding the same religious views, and a few Protestant Radicals, easily form a majority ; once establish the doctrine of ruling by a majority, and then they are lawfully the government, and the exclusion and oppression of the English, in their own colony, is sanctioned by law, and that law imposed by England on itself. What a monstrous piece of absurdity, cruelty, and injustice ! In making such a concession as this, Poulett Thompson proved himself to have been either a very weak or a very unprincipled man. Let us strive to be charitable, however difficult it be in this case, and endeavour to hope it was an error of the head rather than the heart.

“The doctrine maintained here is, that a governor, who has but a delegated authority, must be responsible to the power that delegates it, namely, the Queen’s Government ; and this is undoubtedly the

true doctrine, and the only one that is compatible with colonial dependence. The Liberals (as the movement party in Canada style themselves) say he is but the head of his executive council, and that that council must be responsible to the people. Where, then, is the monarchical principle? or where is the line of demarcation between such a state and independence? The language of these troublesome and factious men is, 'Every Government ought to be able to possess a majority in the legislature powerful enough to carry its measures;' and the plausibility of this dogmatical assertion deludes many persons who are unable to understand the question properly. *A majority is required, not to carry Government measures, but to carry certain persons into office and power.* A colonial administration neither has, nor ought to have, any government measures. Its foreign policy

and internal trade, its post-office and customs departments, its army and navy, its commissariat and mint, are imperial services provided for here. Its civil list is, in most cases, established by a permanent law. All local matters should be left to the independent action of members, and are generally better for not being interfered with. If they are required, they will be voted, as in times past ; if not, they will remain unattempted. No difficulty was ever felt on this score, nor any complaint ever made, until Lord Durham talked of Boards of Works, Commissionerships, Supervisors, Lord Mayors, District Intendants, and other things that at once awakened the cupidity of hungry demagogues and rapacious patriots, who forthwith demanded a party Government, that they might have party-jobs, and the execution of these lucrative affairs. A Government by a majority has proved it-

self, with us, to be the worst of tyrannies ; but it will be infinitely more oppressive in the Colonies than in the States, for *we have republican institutions to modify its evils*. Neither that presumptuous man, Lord Durham, nor that reckless man, Thompson, appear to have had the slightest idea of this difference. With us the commission of a magistrate expires of itself in a few years. The upper branch of the legislature is elective, and the members are constantly changed ; while everything else is equally mutable and republican. In the Colonies the magistrates are virtually appointed for life, and so is a legislative councillor, and the principle has been, in times past, practically applied to every office in the country. Responsible Government then, in the Colonies, where the elective franchise is so low as to make it almost universal suffrage, is a great and unmitigated republican principle, introduced

into a country not only dependant on another, but having monarchical institutions wholly incompatible with its exercise. The magistrate in some of the provinces has a most extensive judicial as well as ministerial jurisdiction, and I need not say how important the functions of a legislative councillor are. A temporary majority, having all the patronage, (for such is their claim, in whatever way they may attempt to explain it,) is by this new doctrine to be empowered to appoint its partisans to all these permanent offices,—an evil that a change of party cannot remedy, and therefore one that admits of no cure. This has been already severely felt wherever the system has been introduced, for reform has been so long the cover under which disaffection has sheltered itself, that it seldom includes among its supporters any of the upper class of society. The party

usually consists of the mass of the lower orders, and those just immediately above them. Demagogues easily and constantly persuade them that they are wronged by the rich, and oppressed by the great, that all who are in a superior station are enemies of the people, and that those who hold office are living in idle luxury at the expense of the poor. Terms of reproach or derision are invented to lower and degrade them in the public estimation ; cliques, family compacts, obstructionists, and other nicknames, are liberally applied ; and when facts are wanting, imagination is fruitful, and easily supplies them. To appoint persons from such a party to permanent offices, is an alarming evil. To apply the remedy we have, of the elective principle and short tenure of office, is to introduce republicanism into every department. *What a delusion, then, it is to suppose that Respon-*

sible Government is applicable to the North American provinces, or that it is anything else than practical independence as regards England, with a practical exclusion from influence and office of all that is good or respectable, or loyal, or British, as regards the colony?

“The evil has not been one of your own seeking, but one that has been thrust upon you by the quackery of English statesmen. The remedy is beyond your reach; it must be applied by a higher power. The time is now come when it is necessary to speak out, and speak plainly. If the Secretary for the Colonies is not firm, *Canada is lost for ever!*”

CHAPTER XV.

RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT.—PART. II

THE subject of Responsible Government, which had now become a general topic of conversation, was resumed again to-day by Mr. Slick.

“ Minister,” said he, “ I quite concur with you in your idee of that form of colony government. When I was to Windsor, Nova Scotia, a few years ago, Poulett Thompson was there, a-waitin’ for a steamer to go to St. John, New Brunswick; and as I was a-passin’ Mr. Wilcox’s inn, who should I see but him.

I knowed him the moment I seed him, for I had met him to London the year before, when he was only a member of parliament; and since the Reform Bill, you know, folks don't make no more account of a member than an alderman; indeed since I have moved in the first circles I've rather kept out of their way, for they arn't thought very good company in a gineral way, I can tell you. Well, as soon as I met him I knowed him at once, but I warn't a-goin' for to speak to him fust, seein' that he had become a big bug since, and p'raps wouldn't talk to the likes of me. But up he comes in a minit, and makes a low bow — he had a very curious bow. It was jist a stiff low bend forrard, as a feller does afore he goes to take an everlastin' jump; and sais he, 'How do you do, Mr. Slick? will you do me the favour to walk in and sit down awhile, I want to talk to you.

We are endeavourin', you see,' sais he, 'to assimilate matters here as much as possible to what exists in your country.' 'So I see,' sais I; 'but I am ashamed to say, I don't exactly comprehend what responsible government is in a colony.' 'Well,' sais he, 'it aint easy of definition, but it will work itself out, and adjust itself in practice. I have given them a fresh hare to run, and that is a great matter. Their attention is taken off from old sources of strife, and fixed on this. I have broken up all old parties, shuffled the cards, and given them a new deal and new partners.' 'Take care,' sais I, 'that a knave doesn't turn up for trump card.' He looked thoughtful for a moment, and then sais, 'Very good hit, Mr. Slick; very good hit indeed; and between ourselves, in politics I am afraid there are, everywhere, more knaves than honors in the pack.' I have often thought of

that expression since—‘ a fresh hare to run;’ what a principle of action for a statesman, warn’t it? But it was jist like him; he thought everybody he met was fools. One half the people to Canada didn’t know what onder the sun he meant; but they knowed he was a radical, and agin the Church, and agin all the old English families there, and therefore *they* followed him. Well, he seed that, and thought them fools. If he ’d a-lived a little grain longer, he ’d a-found they were more rogues than fools, them fellers, for they had an axe to grind as well as him. Well, t’other half seed he was a schemer, and a schemer, too, that wouldn’t stick at nothin’ to carry out his eends; and *they* wouldn’t have nothin’ to say to him at all. Well, in course he called them fools too; if he ’d a-lived a little grain longer I guess he ’d a found out whose head the fool’s cap fitted best.

‘ Well,’ sais I, ‘ it warn’t a bad idee that, of givin’ ’em ‘ a fresh hare to run ;’ it was grand. You had nothin’ to do but to start the hare, say ‘ stuboy,’ clap your hands ever so loud, and off goes the whole pack of yelpin’ curs at his heels like wink. It’s kept them from jumpin’ and fawnin’, and cryin’, and cravin’, and pawin’ on you for everlastin’, for somethin’ to eat, and a botherin’ of you, and a spilin’ of your clothes, don’t it ? You give ’em the dodge properly that time ; you got that lesson from the Indgin dogs on the Mississippi, I guess, didn’t you ?’ ‘ No,’ sais he, lookin’ one half out of sorts and t’other half nobsquizzled ; ‘ no, I was never there,’ sais he. ‘ Not there ?’ sais I, ‘ why, you don’t say so ! Not there ? well, it passes all ; for it’s the identical same dodge. When a dog wants to cross the river there, he goes to a p’int of land that stretches away out into the water,

and sits down on his hind legs, and cries at the tip eend of his voice, most piteous, and howls so it would make your heart break to hear him. It's the most horrid dismal, solemcoly sound you ever knowed. Well, he keeps up this tune for the matter of half-an-hour, till the river and the woods ring again. All the crocodiles for three miles up and three miles down, as soon as they hear it, run as hard as they can lick to the spot, for they are very humane boys them, cry like women at nothin' a'most, and always go where any crittur is in distress, and drag him right out of it. Well, as soon as the dog has 'em all collected, at a charity-ball like, a-waitin' for their supper, and a-lickin' of their chops, off he starts, hot foot, down the bank of the river, for a mile or so, and then souses right in and swims across as quick as he can pull for it, and gives them the slip beautiful. Now your dodge and the

Mississippi dog is so much alike, I'd a bet anything, a'most, you took the hint from him.'

" 'What a capital story !' sais he ; ' how uncommon good ! upon my word it's very apt ;' jist then steam-boat bell rung, and he off to the river too, and give me the dodge.'

" I'll tell you what he put me in mind of. I was to Squire Shears, the tailor, to Boston, oncet, to get measured for a coat. ' Squire,' sais I, ' measure me quick, will you, that's a good soul, for I'm in a horrid hurry.' ' Can't,' sais he, ' Sam ; the designer is out—sit down, he will be in directly.' ' The designer,' sais I, ' who the devil is that, what onder the sun do you mean ?' Well, it raised my curiosity—so I squats down on the counter and lights a cigar. ' That word has made my fortin' Sam,' sais he. ' It is somethin' new. He designs the coat, that is what is vulgarly

called—cuts it out ;—and a nice thing it is too. It requires a light hand, great freedom of touch, a quick eye, and great taste. Its all he *can* do, for he couldn't so much as sow a button on. He is an Englishman of the name of Street. Artist is a common word—a foreman is a common word—a measurer is low, very low ; but ‘a designer,’ oh, its fust chop—its quite the go. ‘My designer’—Heavens what a lucky hit that was ! Well, Mr. Thompson put me in mind of Street, the designer, he didn't look onlike him in person nother, and he was a grand hand to cut out work for others to do. A capital hand for makin' measures and designin'. But to get back to my story. He said “he had given 'em to Canada ‘a fresh hare to run.’ Well, they've got tired of the chace at last arter the hare, for they hante been able to catch it. They've returned on the tracks from where they started, and stand

starin' at each other like fools. For the fust time they begin' to ax themselves the question, what is responsible government? Well, they don't know, and they axe the Governor, and he don't know, and he axes Lord John, the Colonial Secretary, and he don't know. At last Lord John looks wise and sais, ' its not onlike prerogative—its existence is admitted—its only its exercise is questioned.' Well, the Governor looks wise and sais the same, and the people repeat over the words arter him—look puzzled, and say they don't exactly onderstand the answer nother. It reminds me of what happened to me oncet to Brussels. I was on the top of a coach there, a-goin' down that dreadful steep hill there, not that it is so awful steep nother; but hills are curiosities there, they are so scarce, and every little sharp pinch is called a high hill—jist as every sizeable hill to Nova Scotia is called a mountain. Well,

sais the coachman to me, ‘Tournez le Mechanique.’ I didn’t know what the devil he meant—I didn’t onderstand French when its talked that way, and don’t now. A man must speak very slow in French for me to guess what he wants. ‘What in natur’ is that?’ sais I; but as he didn’t onderstand English he just wrapt it up in three yards more of French, and give it back to me agin. So there was a pair of us. Well, the coach began to go down hill like winky, and the passengers put their heads out of the windows and bawled out ‘Tournez le Mechanique,’ and the coachman roared it out, and so did people on the streets, so what does I do but screams out too, ‘Tournez le Mechanique.’ Well, coachman seein’ it war no use talkin’, turned right about, put the pole thro’ a pastry cook’s window—throwed down his hosses, and upsot the coach, and away we all went, body and bones into the street.

When I picked myself up, the coachman comes up and puts his fist into my face, and sais, ‘ You great lummakin fool, why didn’t you Tournez le Mechanique,’ and the passengers got all round me shakin’ their fists too, sayin’, ‘ Why didn’t you Tournez le Mechanique?’ I didn’t know what the plague they meant, so I ups fist and shakes it at them, too, and roars out, ‘ Why in the name of sense,’ sais I, ‘ didn’t you Tournez le Mechanique?’ Well, they began to larf at last, and one on ’em that spoke a little English, sais ‘ It meant to turn the handle of a little machine that put a drag on the wheels.’ ‘ Oh !’ sais I, ‘ is that it? What the plague’s got into the feller not to speak plain English, if he had a-done that I should have onderstood him then.’

“ Now that’s the case with this Responsible Government, *it tante plain English, and they don’t onderstand it.* As soon

as the state coach begins to run down hill the people call out to the Governor ‘Tournez le Mechanique,’ and he gets puzzled and roars out to Secretary, ‘Tournez le Mechanique,’ and he gets mad, and sais, ‘D—n you, Tournez le Mechanique yourself.’ None on ’em knows the word—the coach runs down the hill like lightnin’, upsets and smashes everything. *That comes a not speakin’ plain English.* There is only one party pleased, and that’s a party that likes to see all governments upshot. They say ‘Its goin’ on beautiful. It don’t want a turn of the Mechanique at all,’ and sing out, as the boatman did to his son when the barge was a-goin’ over the falls to Ohio—‘Let her went Peter, don’t stop her, she’s wrath.’—What Minister sais is true enough. Government is intended for the benefit of all. All parties, therefore, should, as far as possible, have a voice in the Council—and equal justice be

done to all—so that as all pay their shot to its support, all should have a share in its advantages. Them fellers to Canada have been a howlin' in the wilderness for years—'We are governed by a party—a clique—a family compact.' Well, England believed 'em, and the party—the clique—and the family compact was broken up. No sooner said than done—they turn right round, as quick as wink, and say—' *We* want a party government now—not that party, but our party—not that clique, but this clique—not that family compact, but this family compact. For that old party, clique, and compact were British in their language—British in their feelings, and British in their blood. Our party clique and compact is not so narrow and restricted, for it is French in its language, Yankee in its feelin', and Republican in its blood.' ”

“ Sam,” said Mr. Hopewell, with that

mildness of manner which was his great characteristic and charm, "that is strong language, very."

"Strong language, sir!" said the Colonel, rising in great wrath, "it's infamous,—none but a scoundrel or a fool would talk that way. D—n me, sir! what are them poor benighted people strugglin' for, but for freedom and independence? They want a leader, that's what they want. They should fust dress themselves as Indgins,—go to the wharves, and throw all the tea in the river, as we did; and then, in the dead of the night, seize on the high hill back of Montreal and fortify it, and when the British come, wait till they see the whites of their eyes, as we did at Bunker Hill, and give them death and destruction for breakfast, as we did. D—n me, sir!" and he seized the poker and waved it over his head, "let them do that, and send for me, and, old as I am, I'll lead them on to

victory or death. Let 'em send for me, sir, and, by the 'tarnal, I'll take a few of my 'north-eend boys' with me, and shew 'em what clear grit is. Let the British send Wellington out to command the troops if they dare, and I'll let him know Bunker Hill aint Waterloo, I know. Rear rank, take open order—right shoulders forward—march ;” and he marched round the room and sat down.

“ It's very strong language that, Sam,” continued Mr. Hopewell, who never noticed the interruptions of the Colonel, “ very strong language indeed, too strong I fear. It may wound the feelings of others, and that we have no right to do unnecessarily. Squire, if you report this conversation, as I suppose you will, leave out all the last sentence or two, and insert this : ‘ Responsible Government is a term not well defined or understood, and appears to be only applicable to an inde-

pendent country. But whatever interpretation is put upon it, one thing is certain, the Government of Great Britain over her colonies is one of the *lightest, kindest, mildest, and most paternal in the whole world.*' ”

CHAPTER XVI.

THE DUKE OF KENT AND HIS TRUMPETER.

MR. SLICK'S weak point was his vanity. From having risen suddenly in the world, by the unaided efforts of a vigorous, uneducated mind, he very naturally acquired great self-reliance. He undervalued every obstacle, or, what is more probable, overlooked the greater part of those that lay in his way. To a vulgar man like him, totally ignorant of the modes of life, a thousand little usages of society would unavoidably wholly escape his notice, while the selection, collocation, or pronunciation of words were things for which he appeared to have no perception and no

ear. Diffidence is begotten by knowledge, presumption by ignorance. The more we know, the more extended the field appears upon which we have entered, and the more insignificant and imperfect our acquisition. The less we know, the less opportunity we have of ascertaining what remains to be learned. His success in his trade, his ignorance, the vulgarity of his early occupations and habits, and his subsequent notoriety as a humorist, all contributed to render him exceedingly vain. His vanity was of two kinds, national and personal. The first he has in common with a vast number of Americans. He calls his country "the greatest nation atween the Poles,"—he boasts "that the Yankees are the most free and enlightened citizens on the face of the airth, and that their institutions are the perfection of human wisdom." He is of his father's opinion, that the battle

of Bunker Hill was the greatest battle ever fought; that their naval victories were the most brilliant achievements ever heard of; that New York is superior to London in beauty, and will soon be so in extent; and finally, that one Yankee is equal in all respects to two Englishmen, at least. If the Thames is mentioned, he calls it an insignificant creek, and reminds you that the Mississippi extends inland a greater distance than the space between Nova Scotia and England. If a noble old park tree is pointed out to him, he calls it a pretty little scrub oak, and immediately boasts of the pines of the Rocky Mountains, which he affirms are two hundred feet high. Show him a waterfall, and it is a noisy babbling little cascade compared with Niagara; or a lake, and it is a mere duck pond in comparison with Erie, Superior, Champlain, or Michigan. It has been remarked by most travellers,

that this sort of thing is so common in the States, that it may be said to be almost universal. This is not *now* the case. It has prevailed more generally heretofore than at present, but it is now not much more obvious than in the people of any other country. *The necessity for it no longer exists.* That the Americans are proud of having won their independence at the point of the sword, from the most powerful nation in the world, under all the manifold disadvantages of poverty, dispersion, disunion, want of discipline in their soldiers, and experience in their officers, is not to be wondered at. They have reason to be proud of it. It is the greatest achievement of modern times. That they are proud of the consummate skill of their forefathers in framing a constitution the best suited to their position and their wants, and one withal the most difficult in the world to adjust, not only

with proper checks and balances, but with any checks at all,—at a time too when there was no model before them, and all experience against them, is still less to be wondered at. Nor have we any reason to object to the honest pride they exhibit of their noble country, their enlightened and enterprising people, their beautiful cities, their magnificent rivers, their gigantic undertakings. The sudden rise of nations, like the sudden rise of individuals, begets under similar circumstances similar effects. While there was the freshness of novelty about all these things, there was national vanity. It is now an old story — their laurels sit easy on them. They are accustomed to them, and they occupy less of their thoughts, and of course less of their conversation, than formerly. At first, too, strange as it may seem, *there existed a necessity for it.*

Good policy dictated the expediency of cultivating this self-complacency in the people, however much good taste might forbid it. As their constitution was based on self-government, it was indispensable to raise the people in their own estimation, and to make them feel the heavy responsibility that rested upon them, in order that they might qualify themselves for the part they were called upon to act. As they were weak, it was needful to confirm their courage by strengthening their self-reliance. As they were poor, it was proper to elevate their tone of mind, by constantly setting before them their high destiny; and as their Republic was viewed with jealousy and alarm by Europe, it was important to attach the nation to it, in the event of aggression, by extolling it above all others. The first generation, to whom all this was new, has now passed away; the second has nearly disappeared,

and with the novelty, the excess of national vanity which it necessarily engendered will cease also. Personal vanity stands on wholly different grounds. There not only is no necessity, but no justification for it whatever. It is always offensive, sometimes even disgusting. Mr. Hopewell, who was in the habit of admonishing the Attaché whenever he thought admonition necessary, took occasion to-day to enlarge on both points. As to the first, he observed, that it was an American failing, and boasting abroad, as he often did, in extravagant terms of his country was a serious injury to it, for it always produced argument, and as those who argue always convince themselves in proportion as they fail to convince others, the only result of such discussions was to induce strangers to search for objections to the United States that they knew not before, and then adopt them for ever. But as for

personal boasts, he said, they were beneath contempt.

“Tell you what it is, Minister,” said Mr. Slick, “I am not the fool you take me to be. I deny the charge. I don’t boast a bit more nor any foreigner, in fact, I don’t think I boast at all. Hear old Bull here, every day, talkin’ about the low Irish, the poor, mean, proud Scotch, the Yankee fellers, the horrid foreigners, the ‘nothin’ but a colonist,’ and so on. He asks me out to entertain me, and then sings ‘Britannia rules the waves.’ My old grandmother used to rule a copy book, and I wrote on it. I guess the British rule the waves, and we write victory on it. Then hear that noisy, splutterin’ crittur, Bull-Frog. He talks you dead about the Grand Nation, the beautiful France, and the capitol of the world,—Paris. What do I do? why I only say, ‘our great, almighty republic is

the toploftiest nation atween the Poles.' That aint boastin', nor crackin', nor nothin' of the sort. It's only jist a fact, like—all men must die—or any other truth. Oh, catch me a-boastin'! I know a trick worth two of that. It aint pleasant to be your own trumpeter always, I can tell you. It reminds me," said he (for he could never talk for five minutes without an illustration), "it reminds me of what happened to Queen's father in Nova Scotia, Prince Edward as they called him then.

"Oncet upon a time he was travellin' on the Great Western road, and most of the rivers, those days, had ferry-boats and no bridges. So his trumpeter was sent afore him to 'nounce his comin', with a great French horn, to the ferryman who lived on t'other side of the water. Well, his trumpeter was a Jarman, and didn't speak a word of English. Most all that family was very fond of Jarmans,

they settle them everywhere a'most. When he came to the ferry, the magistrates and nobs, and big bugs of the county were all drawn up in state, waitin' for Prince. In those days abusin' and insultin' a Governor, kickin' up shindy in a province, and playin' the devil there, war'nt no recommendation in Downin'-street. Colonists hadn't got their eyes open then, and at that time there was no school for the blind. It was Pullet Thompson taught them to read. Poor critturs! they didn't know no better then, so out they all goes to meet King's son, and pay their respects, and when Kissinkirk came to the bank, and they seed him all dressed in green, covered with gold-lace, and splendoriferous cocked-hat on, with lace on it, and a great big, old-fashioned brass French-horn, that was rubbed bright enough to put out eyes, a-hangin' over his shoulder, they took him for the Prince, for they'd never seed no-

thin' half so fine afore. The bugle they took for gold, 'cause, in course, a Prince wouldn't wear nothin' but gold, and they thought it was his huntin' horn—and his bein' alone they took for state, 'cause he was too big for any one to ride with. So they all off hats at once to old Kissinkirk, the Jarman trumpeter. Lord, when he seed that, he was bungfungered !

“ ‘ Thun sie ihren hut an du verdammter thor,’ sais he, which means, in English, ‘ Put on your hats, you cussed fools.’ Well, they was fairly stumpt. They looked fust at him and bowed, and then at each other ; and stared vacant ; and then he sais agin, ‘ Mynheers, damn !’ for that was the only English word he knew, and then he stampst agin, and sais over in Dutch once more to put on their hats ; and then called over as many (crooked) Jarman oaths as would reach across the river if they were stretched out

strait. ‘What in natur’ is that?’ sais one; ‘Why, high Dutch,’ sais an old man; ‘I heerd the Waldecker troops at the evakyation of New York speak it. Don’t you know the King’s father was a high Dutchman, from Brunswick; in course the Prince can’t speak English.’ ‘Well,’ sais the other, ‘do you know what it means?’ ‘In course I do,’ sais Loyalist,’ (and oh if some o’ them boys couldn’t lie, I don’t know who could, that’s all; by their own accounts it’s a wonder how we ever got independence, for them fellers swore they won every battle that was fought,) ‘in course I do,’ sais he, ‘that is,’ sais he, ‘I used to did to speak it at Long Island, but that’s a long time ago. Yes, I understand a leetle,’ sais Loyalist. ‘His Royal Highness’ excellent Majesty sais,—Man the ferry-boat, and let the magistrates row me over the ferry.—It is a beautiful language, is Dutch.’ ‘So

it is,' sais they, ' if one could only understand it,' and off they goes, and spreads out a great roll of home-spun cloth for him to walk on, and then they form two lines for him to pass through to the boat. Lord! when he comes to the cloth he stops agin, and stamps like a jackass when the flies tease him, and gives the cloth a kick up, and wouldn't walk on it, and sais in high Dutch, in a high Jarman voice too, ' You infarnal fools!—you stupid blockheads!—you cussed jackasses!' and a great deal more of them pretty words, and then walked on. ' Oh dear!' sais they, ' only see how he kicks the cloth; that's cause it's homespun. Oh dear! but what does he say?' sais they. Well, Loyalist felt stumpt; he knew some screw was loose with the Prince by the way he shook his fist, but what he couldn't tell; but as he had begun to lie he had to go knee deep into it, and push

on. ‘He sais, he hopes he may die this blessed minit if he wont tell his father, the old King, when he returns to home, how well you have behaved,’ sais he, ‘and that it’s a pity to soil such beautiful cloth.’ ‘Oh!’ sais they, ‘was that it?’ ‘we was afraid somethin’ or another had gone wrong; come, let’s give three cheers for the Prince’s Most Excellent Majesty,’ and they made the woods and the river ring agin. Oh, how mad Kissenkirk was! he expected the Prince would tie him up and give him five hundred lashes for his impudence in representin’ of him. Oh! he was ready to bust with rage and vexation. He darsn’t strike any one, or he would have given ’em a slap with the horn in a moment, he was so wrathful. So what does he do as they was holdin’ the boat, but ups trumpet and blew a blast in the Custos’ ear, all of a sudden, that left him hard of hearin’ on that side

for a month ; and he sais in high Dutch, ‘Tunder and blitzen ! Take that, you old fool ; I wish I could blow you into the river.’ Well, they rowed him over the river, and then formed agin two lines, and Kissenkirk passed up atween ’em as sulky as a bear ; and then he put his hand in his pocket, and took out somethin’, and held it out to Custos, who dropt right down on his knee in a minit, and received it, and it was a fourpenny bit. Then Kissinkirk waved his hand to them to be off quick-stick, and muttered agin somethin’ which Loyalist said was ‘Go across agin and wait for my sarvants,’ which they did. ‘Oh !’ sais the magistrates to Custos, as they was a-goin’ back agin, ‘how could you take pay, squire ? How could you receive money from Prince ? Our county is disgraced for ever. You have made us feel as mean as Ingians.’ ‘I wouldn’t have taken it if

it had been worth anythin,' sais Custos, 'but didn't you see his delicacy; he knowed that too, as well as I did, so he offered me a fourpenny bit, as much as to say, You are above all pay, but accept the smallest thing possible, as a keepsake from King's son.' 'Those were his very words,' sais loyalist; 'I'll swear to 'em, the very identical ones.' 'I thought so,' sais Custos, looking big. 'I hope I know what is due to his Majesty's Royal Highness, and what is due to me, also, as Custos of this county.' And he drew himself up stately, and said nothin', and looked as wise as the owl who had been studyin' a speech for five years, and intended to speak it when he got it by heart. Jist then down comes Prince and all his party, galloppin' like mad to the ferry, for he used to ride always as if old Nick was at his heels; jist like a streak of lightnin'. So up goes the Custos to prince, quite

free and easy, without so much as touchin' his hat, or givin' him the time o' day. 'What the plague kept you so long?' sais he; 'your master has been waitin' for you this half-hour. Come, bear a hand, the Prince is all alone over there.' It was some time afore Prince made out what he meant; but when he did, if he didn't let go it's a pity. He almost upsot the boat, he larfed so obstroperous. One squall o' larfin' was hardly over afore another come on. Oh, it was a tempestical time, you may depend; and when he'd got over one fit of it, he'd say, 'Only think of them takin' old Kissinkirk for me!' and he'd larf agin ready to split. Kissinkirk was frightened to death; he didn't know how Prince would take it, or what he would do, for he was an awful strict officer; but when he seed him larf so he knowed all was right. Poor old Kissinkirk! the last time I seed him was to

Windsor. He lived in a farm-house there, on charity. He'd larnt a little English, though not much. It was him told me the story; and when he wound it up, he sais, 'It tante always sho shafe, Mishter Shlick, to be your own drum-peter;' and I'll tell you what, Minister, I am of the same opinion with the old bugler. It is *not* always safe to be one's own trumpeter, and that's a fact."

CHAPTER XVII.

REPEAL.

EVER since we have been in London we have taken "The Times" and "The Morning Chronicle," so as to have before us both sides of every question. This morning, these papers were, as usual, laid on the breakfast table; and Mr. Slick, after glancing at their contents, turned to Mr. Hopewell, and said, "Minister, what's your opinion of O'Connell's proceedings? What do you think of him?"

"I think differently from most men, Sam," he said; "I neither join in the unqualified praise of his friends, nor in the wholesale abuse of his enemies, for there

is much to approve and much to censure in him. He has done, perhaps, as much good and as much harm to Ireland as her best friend or her worst enemy. I am an old man now, daily treading on the confines of the grave, and not knowing the moment the ground may sink under me and precipitate me into it. I look, therefore, on all human things with calmness and impartiality, and besides being an American and a Republican, I have no direct interest in the man's success or failure, farther than they may affect the happiness of the great human family. Looking at the struggle, therefore, as from an eminence, a mere spectator, I can see the errors of both sides, as clearly as a bystander does those of two competitors at a game of chess. My eyesight, however, is dim, and I find I cannot trust to the report of others. Party spirit runs so high in Ireland, it is* difficult to ascer-

tain the truth of anything. Facts are sometimes invented, often distorted, and always magnified. No man either thinks kindly or speaks temperately of another, but a deadly animosity has superseded Christian charity in that unhappy land. We must not trust to the opinions of others, therefore, but endeavour to form our own. Now, he is charged with being a Roman Catholic. The answer to this is, he has a right to be one if he chooses—as much right as I have to be a Churchman ; that if I differ from him on some points, I concur with him in more, and only grieve we cannot agree in all ; and that whatever objections I have to his Church, I have a thousand times more respect for it than I have for a thousand dissenting political sects, that disfigure and degrade the Christian world. Then they say, ‘ Oh, yes, but he is a bigoted Papist ! ’ Well, if they have nothing worse than this to allege

against him, it don't amount to much. Bigotry means an unusual devotion, and an extraordinary attachment to one's church. I don't see how a sincere and zealous man can be otherwise than bigoted. It would be well if he were imitated in this respect by Protestants. Instead of joining schismatics and sectarians, a little more bigoted attachment to our excellent Mother Church would be safer and more respectable for them, and more conducive to the interests of true religion. But the great charge is, he is an Agitator; now I don't like agitation even in a good cause. It is easy to open flood-gates, but always difficult, and sometimes impossible, to close them again. No; I do not like agitation. It is a fearful word. But if ever there was a man justified in resorting to it, which I doubt, it was O'Connell. A Romish Catholic by birth, and, if you will have it, a bigoted one by education,

he saw his countrymen labouring under disabilities on account of their faith,—what could be more natural for him than to suppose that he was serving both God and his country, by freeing his Church from its distinctive and degrading badge, and elevating Irishmen to a political equality with Englishmen. The blessings of the priesthood, and the gratitude of the people, hailed him wherever he went ; and when he attained the victory, and wrested the concession from him who wrested the sceptre from Napoleon, he earned the title, which he has since worn, of ‘the Liberator.’ What a noble and elevated position he then stood in ! But, Sam, agitation is progressive. The impetus of his onward course was too great to suffer him to rest, and the ‘Liberator’ has sunk again into the Agitator, without the sanctity of the cause to justify, or the approval of mankind to reward him. Had he then

paused for a moment, even for a moment, when he gained emancipation, and looked around him, what a prospect lay before him which ever way he turned, for diffusing peace and happiness over Ireland! Having secured an equality of political rights to his countrymen, and elevated the position of the peasantry,—had he then endeavoured to secure the rights of the landlord, and revive the sympathy between them and their tenants, which agitation had extinguished;—had he, by suppressing crime and outrage, rendered it safe for absentees to return, or for capital to flow into his impoverished country,—had he looked into the future for images of domestic comfort and tranquillity to delight the imagination, instead of resorting to the dark vistas of the past for scenes of oppression and violence to inflame the passions of his countrymen,—had he held out the right hand of fellowship to his

Protestant brethren, and invited and induced them to live in the unity of love and the bonds of peace with their Romish neighbours, his second victory would have surpassed the first, and the stern Liberator would have been again crowned amid the benedictions of all, as ‘the Father’ of his country. But, alas! agitation has no tranquil eddies to repose in; it rides on the billow and the tempest, and lives but on the troubled waters of the deep.

“ Instead of this happy condition, what is now the state of Ireland? The landlord flies in alarm from a home that is no longer safe from the midnight marauder. The capitalist refuses to open his purse to develope the resources of a country, that is threatened with a civil war. Men of different creeds pass each other with looks of defiance, and with that stern silence that marks the fixed resolve, to ‘do or die.’ The Government,

instead of being able to ameliorate the condition of the poor, is engaged in garrisoning its forts, supplying its arsenals, and preparing for war; while the poor deluded people are drawn away from their peaceful and honest pursuits, to assemble in large bodies, that they may be inflamed by seditious speeches, and derive fresh confidence from the strength or impunity of numbers.

“May God of his infinite goodness have mercy on the author of all these evils, and so purify his heart from the mistaken motives that now urge him onwards in his unhappy course, that he may turn and repent him of his evil way, while return is yet practicable, and repentance not too late !

“Now, what is all this excitement to lead to? A Repeal of the Union? what is that? Is it independence, or is it merely a demand for a dependant local

legislature? If it is independence, look into futurity, and behold the state of Ireland at the end of a few years. You see that the Protestants of the North have driven out all of the opposite faith, and that the Catholics, on their part, have exiled or exterminated all the heretics from the South. You behold a Chinese wall of separation running across the island, and two independent, petty, separate States, holding but little intercourse, and hating each other with an intensity only to be equalled by tribes of savages. And how is this unhappy condition to be attained? By a cruel, a wicked, and a merciless civil war, for no war is so bloody as a domestic one, especially where religion, terrified at its horrors, flies from the country in alarm, and the banner of the Cross is torn from the altar to be desecrated in the battlefield. Sam, I have seen one, may my

eyes never behold another. No tongue can tell, no pen describe, no imagination conceive its horrors. Even now, after the lapse of half a century, I shudder at the recollection of it. If it be not independence that is sought, but a local legislature, then Ireland descends from an integral part of the empire into a colony, and the social position of the people is deteriorated. Our friend, the Squire, who, at this moment, is what O'Connell desires to be, a colonist, is labouring incessantly to confirm and strengthen the connexion of the possessions abroad with England, to break down all distinctions, to procure for his countrymen equal rights and privileges, and either to abolish that word 'English,' and substitute 'British,' or to obliterate the term 'Colonial,' and extend the generic term of English to all. He is demanding a closer and more intimate connexion, and instead of exclud-

ing Colonists from Parliament, is anxious for them to be represented there. In so doing he evinces both his patriotism and his loyalty. O'Connell, on the contrary, is struggling to revive the distinction of races, to awaken the hostility of separate creeds, to dissolve the Political Union. If he effects his purpose, he merely *weakens England*, but he *ruins Ireland*. This line of conduct may originate in his bigotry, and probably it does, but vanity, temper, and the rent, are nevertheless to be found at the bottom of this boiling cauldron of agitation.

“ Oh ! that some Father Matthew would arise, some pious priest, some holy bishop, some worthy man, (for they have many excellent clergymen, learned prelates, and great and good men in their Church,) and staff in hand, like a pilgrim of old, preach up good will to man, peace on earth, and Unity of Spirit. Even yet the

struggle might be avoided, if the good would act wisely, and the wise act firmly. Even now O'Connell, if he would adopt this course, and substitute conciliation for agitation, (for hitherto conciliation has been all on the other side,) would soon have the gratification to see his country prosperous and happy. While those who now admire his talents, though they deprecate his conduct, would gladly unite in acknowledging the merits, and heaping honours on the 'Pacifator of all Ireland.' No, my friends, so far from desiring to see the Union dissolved, as a philanthropist and a Christian, and as a politician, I say, 'Esto Perpetua.' "

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE HORSE STEALER, OR ALL TRADES HAVE TRICKS BUT
OUR OWN.

AFTER dinner to-day the conversation turned upon the treaties existing between England and the United States, and I expressed my regret that in all, the Americans had a decided advantage.

“Well, I won’t say we hante,” said Mr. Slick. “The truth is, we *do* understand diplomacy, that ’s a fact. Treaties, you see, are bargains, and a feller would be a fool to make a bad bargain, and if there aint no rael cheatin’ in it, why a man has a right to make as good a one as he can. We got the best of the

Boundary Line, that's a fact, but then Webster aint a crittur that looks as if the yeast was left out of him by mistake, he aint quite as soft as dough, and he aint onderbaked nother. Well, the tariff is a good job for us too, so is the fishery story, and the Oregon will be all right in the eend too. We write our clauses, so they bind; your diplomatists write them so you can drive a stage-coach and six through 'em, and not touch the hobs on either side. Our socdo-lagers is too deep for any on 'em. So polite, makes such soft-sawder speeches, or talks so big; hints at a great American market, advantages of peace, difficulty of keepin' our folks from goin' to war; boast of our old home, same kindred and language, magnanimity and good faith of England; calls compensation for losses only a little affair of money, knows how to word a sentence so it will read like

a riddle, if you alter a stop, grand hand at an excuse, gives an answer that means nothing, dodge and come up t'other side, or dive so deep you can't follow him. Yes, we have the best of the treaty business, that's a fact. Lord! how I have often laughed at that story of Felix Foyle and the horse-stealer! Did I ever tell you that contrivance of his to do the Governor of Canada?"

"No," I replied, "I never heard of it." He then related the story, with as much glee as if the moral delinquency of the act, was excusable in a case of such ingenuity.

"It beats all," he said. "Felix Foyle lived in the back part of the State of New York, and carried on a smart chance of business in the provision line. Beef, and pork, and flour was his staples, and he did a great stroke in 'em. Perhaps he did to the tune of four hundred thousand

dollars a-year, more or less. Well, in course, in such a trade as that, he had to employ a good many folks, as clerks, and salters, and agents, and what not, and among them was his book-keeper, Sossipater Cuddy. Sossipater (or Sassy, as folks used to call him, for he was rather high in the instep, and was Sassy by name and Sassy by natur' too,) — well, Sassy was a 'cute man, a good judge of cattle, a grand hand at a bargain, and a'most an excellent scholar at figures. He was gineraly allowed to be a first-rate business man. Only to give you an idee, now, of that man's smartness, how ready and up to the notch he was at all times, I must jist stop fust, and tell you the story of the cigar.

“ In some of our towns we don't allow smokin' in the streets, though in most on 'em we do, and where it is agin law it is two dollars fine in a gineral way. Well,

Sassy went down to Bosten to do a little chore of business there, where this law was, only he didn't know it. So, as soon as he gets off the coach, he outs with his case, takes a cigar, lights it, and walks on smokin' like a furnace flue. No sooner said than done. Up steps constable, and sais, 'I'll trouble you for two dollars for smokin' agin law in the streets.' Sassy was as quick as wink on him. 'Smokin'!' sais he, 'I warn't a-smokin'.' 'Oh, my!' sais constable, 'how you talk, man. I won't say you lie, 'cause it aint polite, but it's very like the way I talk when I lie. Didn't I see you with my own eyes?' 'No,' sais Sassy, 'you didn't. It don't do always to believe your own eyes, they can't be depended on more nor other people's. I never trust mine, I can tell you. I own I had a cigar in my mouth, but it was because I like the flavor of the tobacco, but not to smoke. I take

it it don't convene with the dignity of a free and enlightened citizen of our almighty nation to break the law, seein' that he makes the law himself, and is his own sovereign, and his own subject too. No, I warn't smokin', and if you don't believe me, try this cigar yourself, and see if it aint so. It hante got no fire in it.' Well, constable takes the cigar, puts it into his mug, and draws away at it, and out comes the smoke like anythin'.

“ ‘ I'll trouble *you* for two dollars, Mr. High Sheriff devil,' sais Sassy, ‘ for smokin' in the streets ; do you underconstand, my old 'coon ?' Well, constable was all taken aback, he was finely bit. ‘ Stranger,' sais he, ‘ where was you raised ?' ‘ To Canady line,' sais Sassy. ‘ Well,' sais he, ‘ your a credit to your broghtens up. Well, let the fine drop, for we are about even I guess. Lets liquor ;' and he took him into a bar and treated him to a mint

julep. It was ginerally considered a great bite that, and I must say I don't think it was bad—do you? But to get back to where I started from. Sassy, as I was a-sayin', was the book-keeper of old Felix Foyle. The old gentleman sot great store by him, and couldn't do without him, on no account, he was so ready like, and always on hand. But Sassy thought he could do without *him*, tho'. So, one fine day, he absgotilated with four thousand dollars in his pocket, of Felix's, and cut dirt for Canady as hard as he could clip. Felix Foyle was actilly in a most beautiful frizzle of a fix. He knew who he had to deal with, and that he might as well follow a fox a'most as Sassy, he was so everlastin' cunnin', and that the British wouldn't give up a debtor to us, but only felons; so he thought the fust loss was the best, and was about givin' it up as a bad job, when an idee struck

him, and off he started in chase with all steam on. Felix was the clear grit when his dander was up, and he never slept night or day till he reached Canady, too ; got on the trail of Sassy, and came up to where he was airted at Niagara. When he arrived it was about noon, so as he enters the tavern he sees Sassy standin' with his face to the fire and his back to the door, and what does he do but slip into the meal-room and hide himself till night. Jist as it was dark in comes old Bambrick, the inn-keeper, with a light in his hand, and Felix slips behind him, and shuts too the door, and tells him the whole story from beginnin' to eend ; how Sassy had sarved him ; and lists the old fellow in his sarvice, and off they set to a magistrate and get out a warrant, and then they goes to the deputy-sheriff and gets Sassy arrested. Sassy was so taken aback he was hardly able to speak for the matter of

a minit or so, for he never expected Felix would follow him into Canady at all, seein' that if he oncet reached British side he was safe. But he soon come too agin, so he ups and bullies. 'Pray, sir,' sais he, 'what do you mean by this?' 'Nothin' above partikelar,' sais Felix, quite cool, only I guess I want the pleasure of your company back, that's all,' and then turnin' to the onder sheriff, 'Squire,' sais he, 'will you take a turn or two in the entry, while Sassy and I settle a little matter of business together,' and out goes Nab. 'Mr. Foyle,' sais Sassy, 'I have no business to settle with you—arrest me, sir, at your peril, and I'll action you in law for false imprisonment.' 'Where's my money?' sais Felix — 'where's my four thousand dollars?' 'What do I know about your money?' sais Sassy. 'Well,' sais Felix, 'it is your business to know, and I paid you as my book-keeper to

know, and if you don't know you must jist return with me and find out, that's all—so come, let's us be a-movin'. Well, Sassy larfed right out in his face; 'why you cussed fool,' sais he, 'don't you know I can't be taken out o' this colony State, but only for crime, what a rael soft horn you be to have done so much business and not know that?' 'I guess I got a warrant that will take you out tho',' sais Felix—'read that,' a-handin' of the paper to him. 'Now I shall swear to that agin, and send it to Governor, and down will come the marchin' order in quick stick. I'm soft I know, but I aint sticky for all that, I ginerally come off clear without leavin' no part behind.' The moment Sassy read the warrant his face fell, and the cold perspiration rose out like rain-drops, and his color went and came, and his knees shook like anythin'. 'Hoss-stealin'!' sais he, aloud to himself — 'hoss-stealin'! — Heavens and

airth, what parjury!! Why, Felix,' sais he, 'you know devilish well I never stole your hoss, man; how could you go and swear to such an infarnal lie as that?' 'Why I'm nothin' but "a cussed fool" and a "rael soft horn," you know,' sais Felix, 'as you said jist now, and if I had gone and sworn to the debt, why you'd a kept the money, gone to jail, and swore out, and I'd a-had my trouble for my pains. So you see I swore you stole my hoss, for that's a crime, tho' absquotolative aint, and that will force the British Governor to deliver you up, and when I get you into New York state, why you settle with me for my four thousand dollars, and I will settle with you for stealin' my hoss,' and he put his finger to the tip eend of his nose, and winked and said, 'young folks *think* old folks is fools, but old folks *know* young folks is fools. I warn't born yesterday, and I had my eye-teeth sharpened

before your'n were through the gums, I guess—you hante got the Bosten constable to deal with now, I can tell you, but old Felix Foyle himself, and he aint so blind but what he can feel his way along I guess—do you take my meanin', my young 'coon?' 'I'm sold,' sais Sassy, and he sot down, put both elbows on the table, and covered his face with his hands, and fairly cried like a child. 'I'm sold,' sais he. 'Buy your pardon, then,' sais Felix, 'pay down the four thousand dollars and you are a free and enlightened citizen once more.' Sassy got up, unlocked his portmanter, and counted it out all in paper rolls jist as he received it. 'There it is,' sais he, 'and I must say you desurve it; that was a great stroke of your'n.' 'Stop a bit,' sais Felix, seein' more money there, all his savin's for years, 'we aint done yet, I must have 500 dollars for expenses.'

‘There, d—n you,’ sais Sassy, throwin’ another roll at him, ‘there it is; are you done yet?’ ‘No,’ sais Felix, ‘not yet; now you have done me justice, I must do you the same, and clear your character. Call in that gentleman, the constable, from the entry, and I will go a treat of half a pint of brandy.—Mr. Officer,’ sais Felix,—‘here is some mistake, this gentleman has convinced me he was only follerin’, as my clerk, a debtor of mine here, and when he transacts his business, will return, havin’ left his hoss at the lines, where I can get him if I choose; and I must say I am glad on’t for the credit of the nation abroad. Fill your glass, here’s a five dollar bill for your fees, and here’s to your good health. If you want provision to ship off in the way of trade, I’m Felix Foyle, and shall be happy to accommodate you.’

“Now,” said Mr. Slick, “that is what

I call a rael clever trick, a great card that, warn't it? He desarves credit, does Felix, it aint every one would a-been up to trap that way, is it?"

"Sam," said his father, rising with great dignity and formality of manner, "was that man, Felix Foyle, ever a *military* man?"

"No, sir; he never had a commission, even in the militia, as I knows on."

"I thought not," said the Colonel, "no man, that had seen *military* life, could ever tell a lie, much less take a false oath. That feller, sir, is a villain, and I wish Washington and I had him to the halberts; by the 'tarnal, we'd teach him to disgrace our great name before those benighted colonists. A liar, sir! as Doctor Franklin said, (the great Doctor Franklin, him that burn't up two forts of the British in the revolution war, by bringin' down lightnin' on 'em from

Heaven by a wire string,)—a liar, sir! Show me a liar, and I'll show you a thief."

"What was he?" said Mr. Hopewell.

"A marchant in the provision line," said the Attaché.

"No, no; I didn't mean that," he replied. "What sect did he belong to?"

"Oh! now I onderstand. Oh! a wet Quaker to be sure, they are the 'cutest people its ginerally allowed we have in all our nation."

"Ah!" said the Minister, "I was certain he was not brought up in the Church. We teach morals as well as doctrines, and endeavour to make our people exhibit the soundness of the one by the purity of the other. I felt assured, either that he could not be a churchman, or that his parish minister must have grossly and wickedly neglected his duty in not inculcating better principles."

“Yes,” said Mr. Slick, with a very significant laugh, “and he warn’t a clock-maker, nother.”

“I hope not,” said his father, gravely, “I hope not, Sam. Some on ’em,” (looking steadily at his son,) “some on ’em are so iley and slippery, they do squeeze between a truth and a lie so, you wonder how it was ever possible for mortal man to go thro’, but for the honor of the clock-makers, I hope he warn’t one.”

“No,” said Mr. Slick, “he warn’t, I assure you. But you Father, and Minister, and me, are all pretty much tarred with the same stick, I guess—we all think, *all trades have tricks but our own.*”

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

LONDON:
Printed by S. & J. BENTLEY, WILSON, and FLEY,
Bangor House, Shoe Lane.





